This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

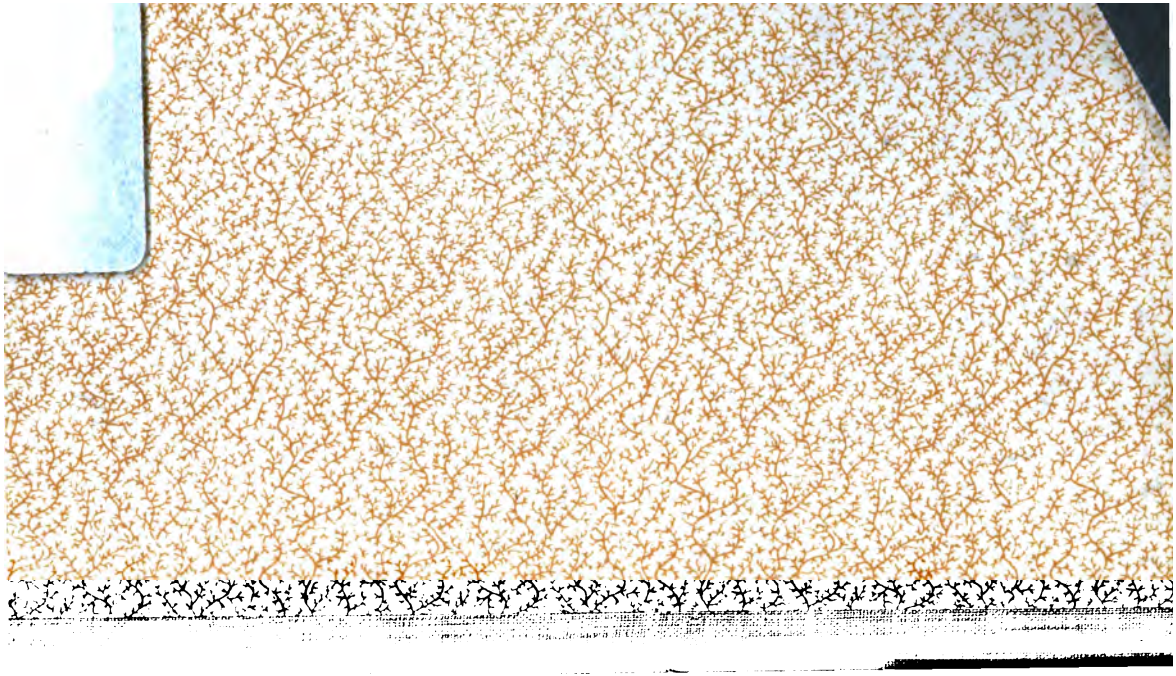
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

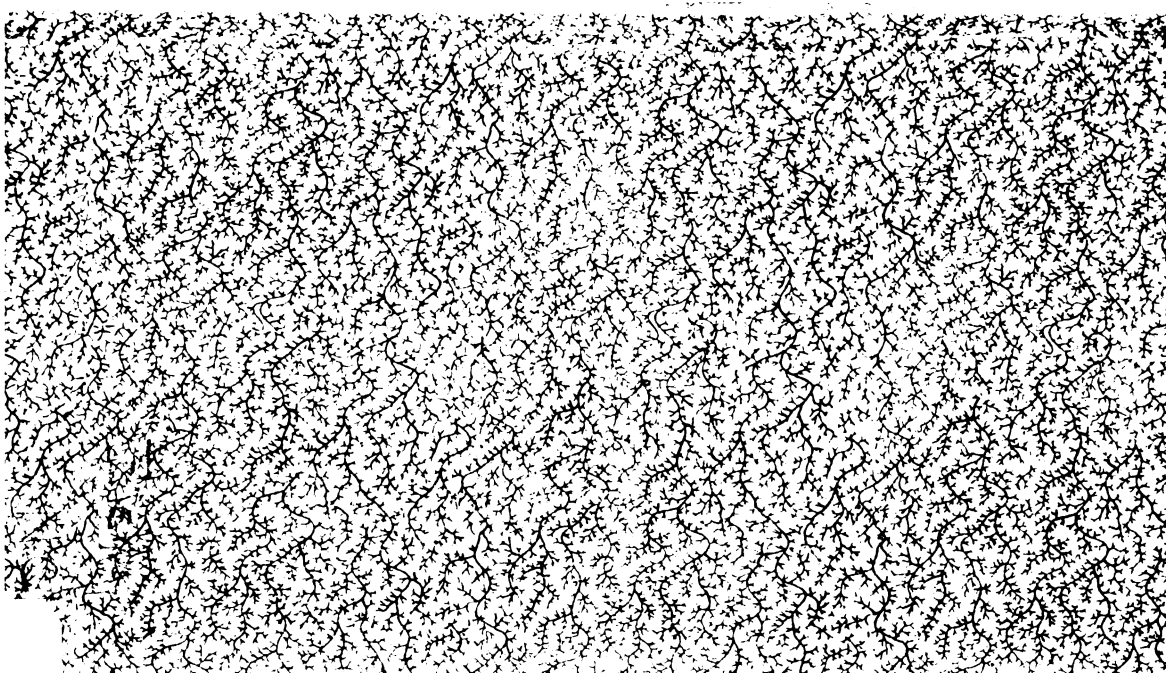
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

07483794 3





POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

BY THE

REV. *SAMUEL BISHOP*, A.M.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

LIBRARY

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK

LONDON:

Printed for CADELL and DAVIES in the Strand;
PAYNE, Mews Gate; and MAWMAN, Poultry.

1802.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Mrs. Biſhop, with a Preſent of a Knife. - Page 3
To the Same, on the Anniverſary of her Wedding-day, which was alſo her Birth-day. With a Ring. - 5
To the Same, with an Orange-Bergamot Snuff-Box. - 7
To the Same, with a Pearl Buckle, and Velvet Collar. 10
To the Same, with a Paſte Buckle for an Handkerchief. 13
To the Same, with a very ſmall Almanack. - - - 17
To the Same, with a Work-Bag of Silk and Paper. - - 20
To the Same, with the Author's Profile in Shadow. - 24
To the Same, with a Silver Tea Pot, and other Plate. 26
To the Same, with an Ivory Tooth-pick Caſe, of French Manufacture. - - - - - 29
To the Same, with ſome Table Furniture of Cut Glaſs. 33
To the Same, with a Pocket Looking-Glaſs. - - 37
To the Same, with the Author's Portrait. - - 39
To the Same, with a Spinning-Wheel. - - 43
To the Same, with a complete Set of Worceſter China. 47
To the Same, with a Pocket-Book. - - - 51
To the Same, with a Gold Watch. - - - 54
To the Same, with a Gold Thimble. - - 58
To the Same, with a Brilliant Hoop-Ring. - - - 62

To Mrs. Biſhop. Canterbury, Auguſt 28th, 1789. Page
To the Same. Canterbury, Auguſt 29th, 1789. -
To the Same, with a Preſent of Pickled Oyſters. -
To Miſs Biſhop at Richmond. Suppoſed to come from a favourite Perſian Kitten. - - -
To the Same at Richmond. Martial, Book 10. Epigram 47. imitated. - - - - -
To the Same, with a Silver Seal, which had belonged to the Author's Father, ſet in Gold. - -
To the Rev. Thomas Clare. Left at the Bar of the Somerſet-Houſe Coffee-Houſe. - -
To Miſs Dickins, with a Copy of Moore's Fables. -
To the Rev. Mr. Fayting. On a Broomſtick. -
To the Rev. Dr. Altham. Thanks for a Preſent of a Pig.
To Mr. and Mrs. Scott, on their Marriage. - -
To the Rev. George Stepney Townley, on the Birth of his Daughter. - - -
To Mr. Woodward. Sonnet, in Imitation of Milton.
On the Death of Dr. Iſaac Schomberg. -
Character of the Rev. James Townley. - -
Character of the Rev. Nicholas Fayting. - -
Mem: Sac: Mat. Diſney—Archib. Brakenridge. -
Epitaph on Mrs. Hand. - - -
Inſcription deſigned for a Bath, at the Rookery, near Wotton in Surry. - - - -

EPIGRAMS.

A Vicar in a certain Vale, - - -
Says Butler, " Hebrew Roots are found - -
A Dutchman's Breeches, in full taſte, - -

In Rome of old her Titus bore - - Page 112
To Childermas-day ſome object, - - - 113
When Euclio a ſnug ſuddle choſe, - - ibid.
A thouſand objects of deſire - - - 116
No plate had John and Joan to hoard, - - 117
Three ſtrangers blaze amidſt a bonfire's revel; - 119
John Bull, whene'er the magot bites, - - ibid.
Virtues, and faſhions, jointly ſhare, - - 120
Only mark how grim Codrus's viſage extends! - 121
On travelling our ideas run, - - - ibid.
One Native of a diſtant coaſt, - - - 122
When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned, - - 123
Would Fate on me two luckier hours beſtow, - ibid.
While Joe moves all too quick, - - - 124
When Harry's ſhrill beldame thinks proper to ſtray, ibid.
You may talk of your houſes of Commons and Lords, 125
Celia her ſex's foible ſhuns; - - - ibid.
On Folly's lips eternal tatlings dwell, - - 126
Let poets for goddeſſes rack their invention - ibid.
While with longs and with ſhorts, - - 127
By never-failing cunning taught, - - - ibid.
Hatch'd all from alien eggs, - - - 128
Curio, whoſe hat a nimble knave had ſnatch'd, - 129
Lodg'd in pure hands, - - - - - 130
Women it ſeems, whoe'er pay ſcot and lot, - ibid.
When once, Voltaire, - - - - 131
Heed not the tales the ſmuggling crew repeat! - 132
Your venerable Chaplain once, - - - ibid.
What boiling, melting, ſqueezing, mixing, ſtirring, - 133
Fame ſays there are (we hope Fame fibs) - - 134

Obſerve the barriſter expand - - Page 134
For every living thing on ſhore - - - 135
Old Gulo, one day, - - - - 136
In an old Rabbi's book, - - - - ibid.
When Doctors, twenty years ago, - - 137
No Fame of Thrones, that whilom were, - - 138
Madam! My Dear! I bid! I beg! - - ibid.
When ſloth puts urgent buſineſs by, - - 139
When England's foes her follies view, - - ibid.
In due regard to modern taſte, - - - 140
" There's nothing new beneath the ſun" - - ibid.
'Twixt thoſe Poets of old, - - - 141
" Read! Read!" the threadbare poet cries: - ibid.
Tom Whiffle changes every day; - - - 142
When Charles the Firſt the ſceptre bore - - ibid.
" Aye! Honeſty's a jewel," Richard cry'd, - 144
See! ſtretch'd on nature's couch of graſs - - 145
When all, a people for a King can feel, - - ibid.
If matters have been ſtated ill, - - - 146
The Ruſſian huſbands, as we're told, - - 147
" To our ruin point blank," quoth the patriot, - ibid.
Mankind, tho' ſatiriſts with jobations weary us, - 148
Expert phyſiognomiſts teach us to trace - - ibid.
To a noted optician, a ſimple grave man, - - 149
When two fond ſouls for Gretna Green - - 150
To ſerve five churches in a day, - - - 151
A public-ſpirited peer, we're told, - - ibid.
Tho' far from Britain, Britain's worthieſt pride, - 152
In our forefathers day, - - - - 153
In China, when an huſband's praiſe - - ibid.

Falſehood and Truth, in rival race, - Page 154
" Juſtice!" a Woman to an Emperor cry'd; - 155
" Perhaps," ſaid a doctor one day to his friend, - 156
A Coward's heart, in common ſpeech, - - 157
Once in a barn, - - - - - 158
To cure the Gout, one quack, forſooth, - - 159
When prentic'd fops, in taſty fit, - - - ibid.
A barber in a Borough-town, - - - 160
In indenture or deed, - - - - 161
Two Grecian Sophs, with names for verſe unfit, - ibid.
Sunday, which, by divine beheſt, - - - 164
Diagoras, an Athenian wight, - - - ibid.
Virtue's a fund of unexhauſted ſtore; - - 165
Our glorious Queen Beſs, - - - - 166
At Nottingham, ſays tradition's tale, - - ibid.
To make a plum-pudding, - - - 167
We're often told of Scotchmen's ſecond ſight; - 169
A Woman, ſatiriſts have averr'd, - - - ibid.
Beyond? and who ſhall draw that veil? - - 170
In *formâ pauperis*, if a plaintiff plead, - - 171
" Whoe'er cheats *me* in purchaſe," - - ibid.
Old women, in old times were ſeen, - - 172
A Village thief in penitent ſtrain, - - 173
Amongſt the many ſtrange conceits, - - 174
A Veteran gambler in a tempeſt caught, - - ibid.
A ſpecimen brief of foreign wit to ſhew, - - 175
A Quack in Greece, - - - - 176
Poor Dick, when chatty, and when dumb, - 177
In Milton's, and in Dryden's time, - - ibid.
In patient mood, while King Alphonſus heard, - 178

When Athens, in the age of Grecian fame, Page 179
Eager ſome doleful tale to quote, - - - 180
" All things," ſaid John one day to Joyce, - 181
While Britain's arms, by ſea and land, - - ibid.
Our ſmarts (ſo much refin'd the modern ſpeech is) - 183
A Farmer, as records report, - - - ibid.
Beneath the ſun's meridian ray, - - - 185
Our faſhionable belles and beaus, - - - 186
To ſave your bones, and yet indulge your wit, - ibid.
Our grumbling politicians cry, - - - ibid.
See! where unhous'd, at eaſe, reclin'd, - - 187
Britain has known, in many a well-fought day, - 188
Thro' the ſtreets, on May-day, - - - 189
Why ſleeps, benumb'd, th' accompliſh'd mind, - 190
Once every year, an infant band, - - - 191
Mark, how th' expiring taper's rays, - - ibid.
An elbow, we're in proverbs told, - - - 192
Would you th' extremes of human contraſt fix? - 193
The Chineſe have a word, - ibid.
With much pretence, but little love the while, - 195
Proud as a peer, poor as a bard, - - - 196
A ſingle acorn's cup, experiment ſhows, - - 197
" True Blue," 'tis ſaid, " will never ſtain;" - 198
Painters, by cuſtom immemorial - - - 199
Go to the bee!—and thence bring home, - - 200
When a pamphlet comes out, - - - 201
Where gently wand'ring rills ſurround - - 202
Genius, too oft, beneath adverſity's frown, - - 204

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under this head of "Miſcellaneous" are arranged thoſe Copies of Verſes, which relate particularly to the Author, his Family, or Friends.

TO MRS. BISHOP,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A KNIFE," dear Girl, "cuts Love," they ſay!
Mere modiſh Love, perhaps it may—
— For any tool, of any kind,
Can ſeparate——what was never join'd.
The Knife, that cuts our Love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Muſt cut your Softneſs, Truth, and Spirit,
Down to the vulgar ſize of Merit;
To level yours, with modern Taſte,
Muſt cut a world of Senſe to waſte;
And from your ſingle Beauty's ſtore,
Clip, what would dizen out a ſcore.

That ſelf-ſame blade from me muſt ſever
Senſation, Judgment, Sight, for ever:
All Memory of Endearments paſt,
All Hope of Comforts long to laſt;—
All that makes fourteen Years with you,
A Summer;—and a *ſhort* one too;—
All, that Affection feels and fears,
When hours without you ſeem like years.

Till that be done, (and I'd as ſoon
Believe this Knife will chip the Moon,)
Accept my Preſent, undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the Herd.

If in a kiſs—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will diſdain,
Save only—"cut and come again!"

TO THE SAME,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING DAY,

WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH DAY.

WITH A RING.

"THEE, Mary, with this Ring I wed"—
So, fourteen Years ago, I ſaid.—
Behold another Ring!—"for what?—
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?
With that firſt Ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taſte long admir'd, Senſe long rever'd,
And all my MOLLY then appear'd.
If ſhe, by Merit ſince diſclos'd,
Prove twice the Woman I ſuppos'd,

I plead that double Merit now,
To juſtify a double Vow.
Here then to-day, (with Faith as ſure,
With Ardor as intenſe, as pure,
As when, amidſt the Rites divine,
I took thy Troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, ſweet Girl, my ſecond Ring
A Token and a Pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper Virtues to my heart;
Thoſe Virtues, which before untry'd,
The Wife has added to the Bride:
Thoſe Virtues, whoſe progreſſive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My ſoul enjoys, my ſong approves,
For conſcience' ſake, as well as Love's.
And why?—They ſhew me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Diſcretion's deed, ſound Judgment's ſentence,—
—And teach me all things—but Repentance.—

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH AN ORANGE-BERGAMOT SNUFF-BOX.

An huſband, as in duty bound,
Preſents, what an admirer found;
(Pray ſtart not, when you lift the lid!)
A portrait in a Snuff-Box hid:
Aye marry—and myſelf alone
Can boaſt th' original my own.
By nature's early cunning wrought,
This Box no *ſecond* poliſh fought;
Such in this form, as on the bough;
Plain orange then, plain orange now.
Apt outline of a certain Dame,
Whoſe taſte from nature's judgment came;

To whom mere genius gives a ſtyle,
Which faſhion ne'er could mend—nor ſpoil.
Our Boxes of more modiſh make,
From various ſources value take;
An artiſt's name; an humouriſt's whim;
The curious hinge; the coſtly rim:
But all in this agree, they bear
No perfume, till we place it there;
While modeſt Orange here, augments
From it's own ſtore the richeſt ſcents;—
A miniature complete, and true,
Of—why not ſpeak at once?—of you!—
Whoſe manner, in each part you fill,
Makes pleaſure's ſelf, more pleaſing ſtill.
This Orange, in ſome former hour,
Had, like all oranges, it's ſour;
But ſoon that acid fount was drain'd;
And endleſs fragrancy remain'd:
So, in the Woman I admire,
If pregnant ſenſe, perchance, inſpire

A little jeſt, a little tart,
'Tis from the fancy, not the heart;
Fancy—whoſe ſour a moment quells;
An heart—where ſweetneſs ever dwells.
And is not then the picture like?
And does not every feature ſtrike?—
Yes!—And the world would own it too,
If what I've ſeen, the world could view;—
I, who with this poor gift and lay,
Thus greet again our Wedding Day;
And cent'ring in one friend and guide,
My joy's exceſs, my reaſon's pride,
Would for increaſing love engage,—
Were every day to come, an age!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PEARL BUCKLE, AND VELVET COLLAR.

THE day declin'd; the year was clos'd;—
Beſide his forge, tir'd Labour doz'd:—
A Golden Buckle, meant to deck
At morn's return my MARY's neck,
(Tribute mere juſtice long'd to pay,)
Half finiſh'd, on his anvil lay.
Benighted, (how, it matters not,)
LOVE, TRUTH, and TIME, approach'd the ſpot:
They ſaw th' imperfect toy; they knew
Where, and *from whom*, and *when*, 'twas due.
"What pity things ſhould thus ſtand ſtill,
"Till yon dull Drudge hath ſlept his fill!

" Suppoſe," the three companions cry'd,
" Ourſelves *our* joint exertions try'd."
The project pleas'd—ſo ſaid, ſo done—
And each his ſeveral part begun.
From every Charm, that grac'd the Dame,
Some hint of decoration came.
For Bloom, that heaven's own painting ſhows;
For Features, where high Feeling glows;
For Looks, that more than language ſpeak;
For Sweetneſs, dimpling Humour's cheek;
For Dignity, by Neatneſs dreſt;
Where ſtill, whatever is, is beſt;
For Powers, that call the captive eye,
From all nymphs elſe, when She is by;
Yet make us, when ſhe is not near,
Ev'n for her ſake, her ſex revere;
For Softneſs, and for Strength of mind;
Senſe, ripe tho' rapid, keen tho' kind;
For Liberal Purpoſe, and prompt Skill
That liberal purpoſe to fulfill;

For Friendly Zeal's aſpiring blaze;
For Generous Joy in honeſt praiſe;
For all, that can exalt thro' life,
The Woman, or endear the Wife;——
Love, whoſe quick ſight no facts evade,
A ſeparate Pearl in order laid.
Truth, pearl by pearl exactly told,
Arrang'd them in the circling Gold;
Announc'd their weight, from firſt to laſt;
And ſet them cloſe; and clinch'd them faſt.
Time, o'er the whole a Poliſh threw,
Which brighter ſtill, and brighter grew.
The work thus wrought, with equal haſte,
The Workmen on this Collar plac'd;
Then bade the fondeſt huſband bear
The preſent, to the worthieſt fair;
Bade him ſalute with cordial lay,
Her *natal*, and her *bridal* day;
And, his own ſuffrage to approve,
Appeal to Time, and Truth, and Love!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PASTE BUCKLE FOR AN HANDKERCHIEF.

GEMS, had I gems to ſend, would ſeem
Short of your worth, and my eſteem.
But as no mortal wedded dame
Has *more* from grateful love to claim,
So ne'er did loving huſband live,
Whoſe gratitude had *leſs* to give.
And yet the trifle I encloſe,
Where only mimic brilliance glows,
Poor Paſte (and poor it is indeed!)
Has ſomething, ev'n as Paſte, to plead.
Th' effect of borrow'd bloom to raiſe,
A Diamond's ſupplemental blaze

To many a bosom drawn our view,
Where nothing, but itself, is true:
—This Paste upon your bosom wear,
'Twill be as great a contrast there;
Of all within ye, and without ye,
The only thing genuine about ye.

On Merit's ground proud Diamonds go,
As who should say—"This we below:"
Paste comes to you, on terms less vain,
Not to bring beauty, but to gain;
And therefore seeks, in suppliant tone,
To blend it's lustre with your own.

Whoe'er has seen you, must have seen,
How just to Nature's gifts you 've been;
Secure th' applause of Sense to fix,
By Ease and Truth, not airs and tricks:
So rich, in talents so applied,
With nothing to affect or hide,
The Diamond's aid you well may spare;
Much less can Paste deserve your care:

And yet for once, dear girl, conſent
T' adopt a *needleſs* ornament:—
Nor ſcorn to have it underſtood,
Art *would* improve you, if ſhe *could*.
When heralds Excellence deſcribe,
They ſend us to the Jewel tribe;
By *Sapphires* conſtant *Faith* diſplay;
Firm *Valour* by the *Ruby*'s ray:
And *Paſte* will ſtand in *your* behoof,
Humility's beſt type and proof;—
For while your equal head and heart,
(Supreme in each ſuperior part,)
Show Virtues, more than Fancy's eye
Finds gems to blazon virtues by,
The ſimple Toy, you thus prefer,
(So mean, ſo honour'd,) will aver,
That ever, as Deſert extends,
Ingenuous Spirit condeſcends.
No teeth of Time the Diamond fears;
But laſts more *ages*, than Paſte *years*:—

Yet *Paſte*, by your acceptance crown'd,
For all the difference will compound:
To 've prompted, in what ſort it may,
The verſe, that hails this welcome day,
Then on your breaſt to meet it's fate,
Will counterpoiſe ſo ſhort a date;
And leave one ſolid praiſe it's due,
—That *while it ſhone, it ſhone for You!*—
Praiſe, which myſelf, who moſt deſpair
To ſhine, would only ſhine, to ſhare!

TO THE SAME.

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A VERY SMALL ALMANACK.

WHILE in this tiny Volume's ſpace,
The current year's records you trace,
(For which, arrang'd in common ſize,
Twelve times th' extent would ſcarce ſuffice,)
Allow plain truth in ſerious lay,
To ſtate an obvious fact,—and ſay,
Your own high merit, amply told,
A Book, ſtill leſs than this, might hold.
Charms ſingly bright, may ſtand portray'd
In flowery diction's proud parade;—

The briefeſt phraſe will yours declare;
'Tis but to ſay—that "*all is fair.*"
Genius, that bloſſoms, once an age,
May crave the long deſcriptive page:—
For yours, one little line has room;
—'Tis Genius, *never out of bloom!*
Thro' all our years of married life
Would language ſignalize the wife,—
A period of five words will ſtrike;
For *every hour was good alike!*
No need of ſtyle prolix and quaint,
The mother, or the friend to paint;—
Name but Benevolence—all the reſt
A thouſand memories can ſuggeſt.

Terms as conciſe, may ſerve as well,
Great as it is, *my* Joy to tell;
And prove, what folios could but prove,
With how juſt wonder, pride, and love,

I boaſt, in one dear woman join'd,
All Grace of Form, all Power of Mind;—
An Heart, by many a trial known,
All kind, all true—and ALL MY OWN!

TO THE SAME.

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A WORK-BAG OF SILK AND PAPER.

SINCE our connubial bliſs begun,
How many years their courſe have run!
And, *if more dear could be*, more dear,
How Love has made you, year by year!
What wonder therefore, if my breaſt,
By one idea all poſſeſt,
Whene'er I think, whate'er I do,
Enjoys the ſlighteſt hint of You!
Ev'n in a Toy at random wrought,
Some features faithful Fancy caught;

Whence Love could trace, and Truth portray,
The Wife and Woman of to-day.
In this ſame ſimple Bag, I ſee
A type of female Induſtry:—
And where's the Labour, where's the Care,
You 've fear'd to meet, or grudg'd to ſhare?
A ſcanty Lot the world ſupplies!—
—You make that ſcanty lot ſuffice.
Hope for a little moment gleams!—
—More liberal efforts prompt our ſchemes.
While ſenſe improves a thouſand ways,
What Patience bore, with equal praiſe:
And frugal Skill, correcting Taſte,
Seems only Ornament more chaſte:
Or Toils expreſs, as each takes place,
How new exertions vary grace.
Two-fold Materials, aptly join'd,
To form this votive Bag combin'd:
A Silken Top invites our hands,
Whoſe Baſe mere humble Paper ſtands.

That Baſe, (too well experience knows,)
Your tender Frame's true ſemblance ſhows;
Which pain now rends, now weakneſs wears,
And every ruder touch impairs:—
While, like the Silken Top, your Mind,
Preſerves, unconquer'd tho' reſign'd,
Gentle to ſooth, firm to endure,
It's texture whole, it's luſtre pure.
A Band, ſcarce obvious to the ſight,
Extends this Bag, or draws it tight;
Fit emblem of the ſecret clue,
(As delicate, and as powerful too,)
With which our judgments you controul,
And move, or fix at will, the ſoul:—
While all a daughter's feelings ſay,
'Tis mere indulgence to obey;
And fondneſs knows not how to boaſt
An huſband's pride, or pleaſure, moſt.
When in this Bag, your care has pent
Each future needful implement,

'Twill be the perfect counter-part,
Of that large treaſury—your heart:
Where gradual exerciſe hath ſtor'd
Whate'er makes merit more ador'd:
Where every grief your friends endure,
Expects it's comfort; or it's cure!
Still, MOLLY, let that Heart find room,
For all th' extremes of mortal doom;
To every ſorrow round apply
A cordial, or devote a ſigh;—
But keep from all, ſave rapture, free
A corner there for Love and Me.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH HIS OWN PROFILE IN SHADOW.

In many an emblem's better part,
I 've pictur'd oft, your head and heart;
Permit me now to let you ſee,
A Shadow, that *ſhould* look like me;
The Shadow of a Man obſcure,
In all, but one dear treaſure, poor;
Yet more than wealthy, happy too,
To call that *one dear treaſure*—You!
The Shadow of a Man, whoſe eye
Could Worth in Beauty's form deſcry:

Mark'd where the worthieſt charm the moſt;
And ſaw in You, all each could boaſt;
And ſeeing, lov'd; and loving, thought,
The more he lov'd, the more he ought.
The Shadow of a Man, who knows
How likeneſs from affection grows;
And his own Virtue beſt ſecures,
When moſt he feels, and honours Yours.
In ſhort, mere *Shadow*, as it is,
Queer copy of as queer a Phiz,
This mimic bawble of a face,
Aſſumes a ſtyle, and claims a place,
All other Pride and Praiſe above—
—THE SHADOW OF THE MAN YOU LOVE!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A SILVER TEA-POT, AND OTHER PLATE.

AFFECTION, which in humbler *Toys*,
Has oft expreſſed it's annual joys,
Boaſts no increaſe, aſſumes no ſtate,
In theſe more gaudy gifts of Plate:
Small odds their previous *price* procures,
Their Worth commences, when they 're Yours:
And Love ſo juſt as mine before,
Was never *leſs*—nor *can be more.*
I knew you amiably great,
When hallow'd Union join'd our fate;

Whatever part eſteem inſpir'd,
Or duty taught, or need requir'd,
Took from *your Spirit* double force;
'Twas good—and it was *yours*, of courſe;
Or, *vice versâ* underſtood,
Was *yours*—and therefore it was good.
Imagin'd powers, if fiction drew,
Your real powers made fiction true:
If praiſe indulged a loftier tone,
'Twas praiſe of manners—like your own.
Years following years diſclos'd to ſight,
The ſame dear merit in new light;
Merit, that every light could bear,
More varied, but to ſeem more fair.
Th' Addreſs, that made my fondeſt hope,
The centre of it's earlier ſcope,
With equal latitude ſtill ſhares
Th' acute exceſs of all my cares;—
Now, drooping nature to ſuſtain,
Smiles Comfort on the bed of pain:—

Now, ſhows me on how ſure a baſe,
Temper and Senſe build Taſte and Grace;—
Now, adds a plume to Fancy's flight:—
Now, points my views to nobler Height.
Meanwhile, thus cheer'd, aſſiſted, bleſt,
I ('tis the moſt I can) atteſt
My grateful heart's applauſive truth,
With paltry *Plate*, and *Rhymes*—forſooth!
Yet take 'em, Girl, as meant to prove
Tokens, not meaſures, of my Love:
If value, more than that, they plead,
They 're miſerably ſhort indeed!
No *Verſe* can make my feelings known,
While Verſe conſiſts of words alone:—
No *Silver* give you half your due,
Till Silver is as pure as You!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH AN IVORY TOOTH-PICK CASE,
OF FRENCH MANUFACTORY.

A Toy from France craves leave to pay,
With me, it's homage to the Day:—
A Toy indeed!—from France indeed!—
—That's all it pleads—or has to plead.

My little tokens, oft, of yore,
Your emblematic ſemblance bore:
But *this*, the portrait I propoſe,
By *not* reſembling, will diſcloſe.

Mark, to what poliſh Art has wrought
Materials never worth a groat!—
How different that from Nature's care,
Which form'd You good, as well as fair?
Produc'd a brilliant work 'tis true;
But from itſelf, it's luſtre drew.
The Trifle, *à-la-mode de France,*
Shews all it's ſplendor at a glance:
But you in meek concealment ſhroud
Enough to make a thouſand proud;
Outſhine the vaineſt of the vain;
Yet *hide* more excellence, than *they feign!*
See where a wire-drawn circlet trim
Of cobweb gold, ſurrounds each rim;
Pure gold perhaps, and juſt ſo far
'Tis ſterling, as your Virtues are;
But when for ſubſtance we enquire,
No contraſt could be carried higher.
If any price the Bawble bear,
'Tis faſhion's tax on foreign ware;

Faſhion, that when your ſenſe ſubmits
To popular folly's prankful fits,
Improvement from your *Manner* makes,
And gives not half th' eclat it takes.
Obſerve the taudry Trinket ſhine
At once as uſeleſs, as 'tis fine:
But You, when moſt you pleaſe us, boaſt
Both will and power to ſerve us moſt;
And prove ſuperior judgment's light
As beneficial, as 'tis bright.
So ſhort my Preſent's merits fall!
—And how precarious after all!
How ſlight a touch, how brief a ſpace,
It's gloſſy beauties may deface!
While you to years, and years to you,
Devolve new grace, and influence new.
But wherefore, ('twill, of courſe, be ſaid,)
Is ſuch a worthleſs offering made?
—Plain truth forbids me to diſclaim
A very, very, ſelfiſh aim;—

'Twas that, the *Gift* might ſoon be ſpurn'd;
And all your thanks, if thanks were earn'd,
And every kiſs of thanks you'd ſpare,
Be, whole and ſole, the *Giver*'s ſhare.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH SOME TABLE FURNITURE OF CUT GLASS.

ESTEEM, when this glad Morn appears,
Looks back on Gratitude's arrears;
And conſcious ſtill of comforts new,
Whoſe value with their number grew,
Gives wedded Love, a double ſcope,
—How much to boaſt!—how much to hope!
"Would Love," you'll ſay, "ſo very prone,
"That boaſt to urge, that hope to own,
"In brittle Glaſs an emblem find,
"For Worth of ſuch enduring kind?"

Yes, Girl, affection can purſue,
On any ground, ſome trace of You;
And ev'n in Glaſs, juſt cauſe explore,
To deem the paſt, a pledge of more!
From this ſame Glaſs, the workman's art,
Has cut, 'tis true, th' exterior part;
And yet the loſs the whole ſuſtains,
Adds ſevenfold price to what remains:
So time, that ſaps with gradual ſtealth,
Your prime of ſtrength, your bloom of health,
Leſſening *their* period, year by year,
Leaves all the reſidue more dear.
This Glaſs o'er which the tool has gone,
Puts new, tho' native radiance on;
And where a deeper touch it ſhews,
From preſſure, into poliſh glows;
Till light in every angle plays,
Tranſmits more beams, reflects more blaze:
So toils, which reſolute right procures,
Raiſe, by oppreſſing, minds like yours;

Bring powers inherent into ſight;
Prove them at once, and *make* them bright;
While patience multiplies, of courſe,
Each effort's luſtre, with it's force.
This Glaſs, in ſhort, whatever end
It's future fortunes ſhall attend,
Uſeful till broken, and when broke,
Cruſh'd, not obſcur'd, beneath the ſtroke,
Will to tranſparent fragments paſs,
A *ſhining*, tho' a *ſhiver'd*, maſs:
So You, whatever hour to come,
Shall cloſe your active virtue's ſum,
Clear to the laſt, at laſt will know,
Ev'n under diſſolution's blow,
That death (where life was what life ſhou'd)
Is only—ceaſing to do good.
Then, ſorrowing o'er a ſhock ſo rude,
Remembrance, Conſcience, Gratitude,
Will treaſure with religious care,
Each atom of a fame ſo fair:

" Such Senſe," 'twill ſay, " ſuch genuine Taſte,
" Such Spirit, by ſuch Manners grac'd,
" Such bland Senſation's liberal glow,
" So frank with joy, ſo kind to woe,
" Tho' ſeparate rays they now diſpenſe,
" Form'd once, one general Excellence ;
" In BISHOP'S MARY long diſplay'd
" The Friend's, Wife's, Mother's praiſe ;—and
" made,
" To honour'd age, from brilliant youth,
" *Her* Bard, at leaſt, the BARD OF TRUTH !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

To you, dear wife, (and all muſt grant
A wife's no common confidant,)
I dare my ſecret ſoul reveal;
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel.
This verſe, for inſtance, I deſign
To mark a Female Friend of mine;
Whom long, with paſſion's warmeſt glee,
I 've ſeen—and could for ever ſee!
But hear me firſt deſcribe the Dame:
If candour then can blame me,—blame.

I 've ſeen *Her* charm at forty more,
Than half her ſex, at twenty-four:—
Seen her, with equal power and eaſe,
Draw right to rule, from will to pleaſe;
Seen her ſo frankly give, and ſpare
At once, with ſo diſcreet a care;
As if her ſenſe, and hers alone,
Could limit bounty like her own;—
Seen her in nature's ſimpleſt guiſe,
Above arts, airs, and faſhions riſe;
And when her peers ſhe had ſurpaſt,
Improve upon herſelf, at laſt;—
Seen her, in ſhort, in every part,
Figure, Diſcernment, Temper, Heart,
So perfect, that till Heaven remove her,
I muſt admire her, court her, love her.
MOLLY, I ſpeak the thing I mean:
So rare a Woman I have ſeen;—
And ſend this honeſt Glaſs, that You,
Whene'er you pleaſe—may ſee her too!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

LONG us'd, in annual gifts to find
Some ſemblance of your form, and mind,
I ſtood reſolv'd, this year, to make
One change at leaſt, for changing ſake;
And by a powerful pencil's aid,
Preſent you with—Myſelf portray'd.
Vain ſcheme!—My Face the canvas ſhows;
My Verſe *no change of Object* knows;
Fancy, tho' vagrant, faithful too,
Extends, but never quits the clue.

In juſtice to friend CLARKSON's ſkill,
Call it *my* Picture, if you will;
Confeſs 'tis all, you wiſh'd it ſhou'd;
Say 'tis as like, as he is good:
I join the ſuffrage, and rejoice;—
But *your* idea prompts my voice,
When in the *Copy* you approve
The *Man*, who loves you, as I love!
Whatever lineaments I trace,
Some excellence of yours takes place.
That Eye, theſe rival tints diſplay,
Recalls each livelong, rapturous day,
While, as new Grace round Beauty grew,
My real Eye dwelt all on You.
How oft, for Comforts *you* beſtow'd,
With cordial ſympathy it glow'd!
How oft, amidſt deſpondence clos'd,
Safe in *your* Virtues it repos'd!
How oft, it glitter'd with delight,
If *your* approach engag'd it's ſight!

How ſtill, (ſo rich your Merit's ſtore!)
It only ſees, to wonder more!
Where art has ſketch'd thoſe Lips of mine
Reſemblance lives along the line;
I look— and own *my* features caught:
I think—and *you* inſpire my thought:—
Quick to the lips reflection flies,
Whoſe theme my MOLLY's Name ſupplies;
The Lips, whoſe vows ſo truly made,
Her Truth with intereſt has repaid;
The Lips, which boaſt the double bliſs,
To ſpeak her praiſe—and claim her kiſs.
Happy that ſtroke's expreſſive eaſe,
Which living Character can ſeize!—
Such ſtrokes, ſuch eaſe, I here diſcern;
And back of courſe to You return:
" Whence did th' original ſuggeſt
" The Character ſo well expreſt?"
—'Tis animation You impart:—
You point the look, who rule the Heart!

And if mere colours could reveal
In outward ſeeming, all I feel,
They'd ſhow my joy, my pride, my hope,
My whole imagination's ſcope,
So full of You; and You alone,
'Twere leſs my Portrait, than your own!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL.

'Tis a long liſt of happy days,
Since firſt I triumph'd in your praiſe;
And ſtill in all you did, or ſaid,
Some new, ſome dear diſtinction read.
This truth, by various gifts confeſt
Perpetual inmate of my breaſt,
A Spinning-Wheel muſt now allege—
Affection's poor, but cordial pledge.
Accept it, Girl; and with it, take
My reaſons for the choice I make.

Firſt, then, (howe'er unlike my trim,)
For Faſhion's ſake indulge the whim:
'Twill be but charitable zeal,
If, while you ply the modiſh Wheel,
You follow Taſte, a ſtep or two,
Till Taſte may learn to follow you!
In your own ſex's general name,
Your bland acceptance, next, I claim.
Can Fancy's ſelf a feature trace,
Your animation would not grace?—
Does Duty any taſk propoſe,
To which your ſpirit never roſe?—
Has Senſe a ſanction it procures
From acts or thoughts, more juſt than yours?
—In active merit ſo complete,
What elſe could you adorn?——Retreat!—
There ſhall this Wheel of mine atteſt,
"Your leiſure knows no *uſeleſs* reſt;"—
And on that fact another found,
"That Female Genius has no bound;"—

While with alert addreſs you fill
Each interval of nobler ſkill;
From higher aims, to humbler, fall,—
Still equal to yourſelf, in *All!*
When for my Wheel I intercede,
The cauſe of all your Friends, I plead:
For while your total virtue's height
Puts competition out of ſight,
To *them*, your ſlighteſt works will ſtand,
Proofs of that virtue's vaſt demand;
Will make your mere amuſements tell,
Each character you bear, borne well;
And every web your Wheel ſupplies,
A relique for eſteem to prize.
Laſt, for myſelf, let me intreat,
My Wheel may prompt acceptance meet;—
Myſelf!—whoſe fondeſt hope and care
Are centred in this ſingle prayer,—
"That while you twine the ductile threads,
"Her treaſures while Reflection ſpreads,

" Recalls to each applauded part,
" The ſuffrage of your conſcious heart,
" And raiſes from your feelings paſt
" The glow, that will endear your laſt,
" Some ſoft remembrance you'll devote,"
" To *Him*, who ſings this annual note;
" Proud, when the feſtive Morn calls forth,
" His tribute to *one Woman*'s worth:
" Who lovelieſt of the lovely, ſtood,
" Becauſe ſtill *beſt*, among the good!"

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A COMPLETE SET OF WORCESTER CHINA.

TIME, to our matrimonial ſcore,
Sets up one year of union more:
And while at every period's cloſe,
Th' accumulate total richer grows,
Bids hours of comfort, as they fly,
Bring me new joys—to reckon by.
Ev'n now (beſides th' accuſtom'd glow,
Which round this feſtive Morn they throw,)
They deck with more immediate care,
The ſmile, my Gift and I ſhall ſhare;—

My Gift; which under CHINA's name,
Aſſerts an ENGLISH artiſt's claim.
Wit, well I know, time out of mind,
Ladies and China-ware has join'd;
While random Cenſure's flippant tongue
On *fair*, and *frail*, the changes rung.
How far your ſex deſerves the jeſt,
On more than Cenſure's charge ſhould reſt:
I deem it falſe;—for if 'twere true,
Your ſex, I'm ſure, deſerves not You!
Compariſon, meanwhile, may found
Reſemblance, on much ſurer ground;
Reſemblance, juſt, and obvious too,
By taking from your *Mind* it's cue:
There, China's propereſt uſe may trace—
Where ſocial Senſe aids native grace!—
Thence China's happieſt boaſt may draw—
"All Excellence, without a flaw!"
Or noting, how with foreign dies,
Domeſtic manufacture vies,

May, to this moment, from your birth,
Deduce a parallel of Worth;
Worth, which peculiar powers extracts,
Ev'n from the ſphere, wherein it acts;
And in its home, of humble life,
Diſplays a Mother, Friend, and Wife;
Whoſe like, the proudeſt Nations known,
Might feel new pride, to call their own.
Mark what a group of pieces met,
To make, in China-ſtyle, a Set.—
To make the parts you fill, ſo bright,
As great varieties unite;
All ſhowing, tho' diſtinctly plac'd,
One Pattern of ſuperior Taſte;
All in one brilliant Whole combin'd,
Of Right and Uſeful, Firm and Kind;
All ſanctioning one faithful liſt,
Where not a Virtue e'er was miſt!
The lot for ſale at auction lay:—
"And what of that?" perhaps you'll ſay;

—Marry, could then, the ſtanders-by,
Have known for *whom* I bought, and *why*,
They'd forc'd me, for the good of trade,
To twice the bidding I had made:
For ſurely, 'tis but fair to ſtate,
That purchaſe cheap at any rate,
Which coming, as this comes, a ſign
Of Veneration, juſt as mine,
Love's votive mite to Merit pays,
Above all Price, as well as Praiſe!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A POCKET-BOOK.

ANOTHER year's demands I pay;—
Another Gift; another Lay;
A Gift, a Lay, reſerv'd to adorn
The twofold triumph of the Morn,
Which to the world, and me, benign,
Firſt gave you *Birth*; then made you *mine*:
A Gift, a Lay, which but reveal,
This moment, what in all I feel;
Save that each joy, from time that ſprings,
More length of ſweet remembrance brings.

Then, ſcorn not on theſe toys to look,
So mean a Verſe, ſo blank a Book;
One ſoft ſenſation if it raiſe,
That Verſe will earn me more than praiſe:
To fill that Book, if you think good,
'Twill ſhow forthwith, (what *no Verſe* cou'd,)
How juſt, how ample action's ſcale,
When powers of Mind, like Yours, prevail.
Yet while ſucceſſive pages bear
Your comprehenſive range of care,
Each hint, from ſounder Senſe that flows,
Each impulſe friendlier Feeling knows,
Each purpoſe of ſuperior ſtrain,
Maternal, conjugal, humane,
To my ſole claim one ſpace aſſign,
Where both our ſignatures may join!—
—Where witneſs'd, in the name you ſhar'd,
When mutual troth our vows declar'd,
Frank as the heart, that gave your hand,
A ſanction of my Love may ſtand;

Of Love, which never yet, expreſt
A preference, Truth could not atteſt;
Nor e'er more cordial comfort felt,
Than what your kind Complacence dealt;
Nor ever in idea roſe
Above ſuch Worth, as you diſcloſe!
—Where my name too, next yours diſplay'd,
May own that Love, with Love repaid;
May boaſt a Wife, my favourite theme,
As well from juſtice, as eſteem;
May vouch, (what life ſhall ne'er forget,)
Affectionate approbation's debt;
And bind me, ev'n with death in view,
To fix my deareſt thought on You!
While the laſt gaſp tir'd nature draws,
To ſigh "Farewell!" with, breathes Applauſe.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A GOLD WATCH.

MEMORY, this Morn, was turning o'er
It's treaſur'd matrimonial ſtore;
All mutual troth had meant, or done,
Since thoſe firſt vows, that made us One.
TIME, croſs the ſpot, that moment flew,
And held his Hour-glaſs up to view;
As who ſhould ſay, "No Union's band
"Arreſts my courſe, or checks my hand:
"In vain, tho' life's perplexing lot
"Attempt to looſe the ſacred knot;

" In vain, tho' pains and frailties try;—
" My Scythe cuts, what they can't untie."
A tear that trill'd down MEMORY's cheek,
Confeſt, what language could not ſpeak;
And bade me, with the faithful Lay,
Which greets, once more, our Nuptial Day,
Commend, dear MARY, to your care,
The votive gift, the Watch, I bear;
That when TIME counts *his* reck'ning, You
May have *your* Regulator too.
For mine then, and for MEMORY's ſake,
The ſure, tho' ſilent Monitor take;
And on it's ſurface when you trace
Your preſent Being's leſſening ſpace,
Let hints from paſt exertions caught,
To future ſcenes exalt your thought;—
Adjuſt your judgment of events,
By facts your own Deſert preſents;—
Recall th' applauſe to merit due,
At once, ſo various, and ſo true;—

Renew the glow, complacence found,
Whene'er it dealt complacence round;—
Revive the energy, which of yore,
Infirmity's frequent preſſure bore;—
Thro' fortune's fathomleſs obſcure,
Lead patient worth, and purpoſe pure;—
And ſtrength to ev'ry ſpring impart,
Which actuates a Superior Heart.
—Whene'er, in ſhort, beneath your eye,
The hours, in meaſur'd motion fly,
Let each a kind concern ſuggeſt,
For him, with whom you'll ſhare the reſt:
Think, all he aſks of Heav'n to give,
Is with you, and for you to live!
Think, 'tis his prime ambition's ſcope,
His happieſt theme, his deareſt hope,
From labours too ſevere redeem'd,
Eſteeming you, by you eſteem'd,
Suſtaining you, by you ſuſtain'd,
To wait reſign'd, th' award ordain'd;

Enjoy your joys, ſooth your repoſe,
Till Love and Life together cloſe.
Let TIME, meanwhile, indulge his ſpite,
Swift as he is, his ſwifteſt flight,
(Whate'er impreſſions mark his ſpeed
Tow'rd that laſt home, for all decreed,)
Will but atteſt AFFECTION'S power,
To plant, in every ſtep, a Flower.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A GOLD THIMBLE.

A THIMBLE!—"Whence," plain ſenſe may ſay,
"Came ſuch a thought, on ſuch a day?
"What! after every ampler teſt,
"Of Worth ſo tried, and ſo confeſt,
"T' addreſs, by way of off'ring too,
"An hint of Induſtry to You!
"Could LOVE ſuggeſt a Gift like this?
"Or TRUTH approve it?"—MOLLY, Yes!

All hints, you know, are but design'd
To bring *realities* to mind:
If Thimbles, therefore, types ſo clear
Of common Induſtry appear,
A Golden one, of courſe, may be
A type of Golden Induſtry;
Of ſuch ſuperior ſtamp, as ſtill
Yours ever bore,——and ever will.
This Youth has prov'd; this Age will prove!
And ſo ſays TRUTH;—and ſo ſays LOVE!
Th' illuſtrious Warrior, heretofore,
(His laurels won, his labours o'er,)
Beſide ſome trophied ſhrine, diſplay'd
The Sword, by victory, ſacred made;
That future Chiefs might ſee, and draw
More emulous zeal, from what they ſaw!
—If uſeful toils claim Honour's Prize,
Your Thimble, MARY, to the wiſe,
Will evidence of deſert afford,
As juſt, as any Warrior's Sword:—

And when, (far diſtant be that hour!)
Your hand and mind reſign their pow'r,
May paſs, as ſacred, to your heirs;
Proof of *your* excellence!——pledge of *theirs!*
For who can ſeparate, ev'n in thought,
Your Thimble now, from what you 've wrought?
What work of yours was ever known,
In which no ſingular fancy ſhone?
Could any applauſe, to fancy due,
Be more ſpontaneous? or more true?
Could truth give any virtuous merit,
More luſtre, than your ſkill and ſpirit?
Does any example meet our ſight,
With more impreſſive energy bright?
And when th' effect of all your taſte,
Shall only be in Reliques plac'd;
When votive verſe no more ſhall earn,
The kiſs, that bleſt this morn's return;
Nor my warm heart with rapture ſhare
The joy of boaſting what you are;—

Ev'n then your Thimble will remain,
Dear to ingenuous Sympathy's train;
And Juſtice own how You ſurpaſt,
As long as Gold, and Memory laſt.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY,

WITH A BRILLIANT HOOP-RING.

"A RING! again——And is it ſo?
"Does then Invention run ſo low?
"What! could not ſuch ſincere eſteem,
"Find, once a year, ſome *novel* Theme?"
Yes doubtleſs!—But in my deſign,
(Each votive Gift, each faithful line,)
Invention never labour'd yet:—
'Twas Truth's prompt praiſe, 'twas Love's mere debt:
Theſe ſtill I 've brought; theſe now I bring,
The ſame Heart,——tho' another Ring!

Meant on my Molly's hand to ſhine,
And the *firſt* Pledge of Union join:
That while *her* Native elegance ſhows
How little, grace to ſplendor owes,
The radiant Circle's friendly pleat
May ſpeak a word or two, for *me*.

Perhaps, when *there*, henceforth ſhe marks
It's glittering ſparks ſucceed to ſparks,
She'll think, how oft my joy confeſt
Each brighter part her life expreſt:
And ſaw, in ſuch gradation plac'd,
The rays of Genius, Senſe, and Taſte,
That ſcarce affectionate applauſe
Had known a limit, or a pauſe!

Perhaps, when ſhe obſerves how pure,
How glowing, how intenſe t' endure,
The luſtre every point diſplays,
Whoſe each new motion beams new blaze,
Her conſcious Memory will return
To ſimilar proofs of my concern;

Attachment, whoſe perpetual care,
Her intereſts, merits, comforts ſhare;
Regard, which nothing could transfer,
Ev'n to a wiſh, eſtrang'd from her;
Feelings, which Fate's eventful range
Did never chill, ſhall never change.
Perhaps, Reflection's eye will ſeize
An hint, from Brilliants, *hard* as theſe;
Impaſſive ſubſtance; firm to mock
Aſſailing preſſure's rudeſt ſhock:
And thence a kind remembrance caſt
On years of patient effort paſt;
When her Exertion, Skill, Addreſs,
Made all my Toils and Sorrows leſs:
Till emulous Perſeverance caught
The Spirit, her example taught;
And Hope, thro' pain, ſuſpenſe, diſmay,
Cheer'd by her aid, purſued it's way;
Hope, doubly welcome, when it's aims
Unite my proſpects, with her claims.

Perhaps, in ſhort, ſometimes by chance,
Theſe Gems may catch her graver glance;
And Thought ſuggeſt, how ſoon may fail
The voice, that loves her worth to hail!
Then, while her ſilent ſighs aſcend,
The Ring will bring to mind the Friend,
Th' Admirer, Lover, Huſband, Man,
Who glorying in one favorite plan,
Reſolv'd t' announce, in Time's deſpite,
(As long, at leaſt, as Diamonds might,)
That Heav'n's award to him aſſign'd
The Beſt and Deareſt of her kind!

TO THE SAME.

CANTERBURY, AUGUST 28, 1789.

I.

WILL you hear a new ſing-ſong, of hey! diddle derry?
How a Biſhop ran rambling to fair CANTERBURY?—
A Biſhop by name, tho' no Biſhop indeed,
Un-Doctor'd, un-Lordſhip'd, un-Mitred, un-See'd:
Derry Down.

II.

This Biſhop left All, when his journey he took;
Nay his own better half, his dear Wife, he forſook;
From whence you'll perceive, if at Iriſh you laugh,
That this Biſhop's All—was an All and an half:
Derry Down.

III.

But a truce with this paddy-cal, punnical ſcrawl,
Whoſe ſenſe, when you 've found it, is no ſenſe at all:
Our torrent of wit let us wiſely contract;
And glide on in plain terms, to plain matter of fact:
Derry Down.

IV.

Maſter Bishop, to do things a little in ſtyle,
Took a ſeat in a Dilly, at ſo much per mile,
And becauſe the beſt company ſuited his palate,
Had on this ſide a Brim, and on that a French Valet:
Derry Down.

V.

Monſieur to the Lady meet rapture addreſt,
With whoſe beauty our ſight was ſo happily bleſt!
Tho' the Dame, if appearance will authoriſe gueſſing,
Was experter in blaſting of eyes, than in bleſſing:
Derry Down.

VI.

The Biſhop ſat wiſhing with many a pout ;—
Wiſhing what?—Why the end of the journey, no doubt;—
For tho' tempted, he ſcorn'd, for mere Charity's ſake,
To wiſh *their* necks broke—*while his own was at ſtake:*
Derry Down.

VII.

But luck, which had play'd him full oft a dog-trick,
For this once, in his life, ſtood his friend in the nick;
And by changing about at Stone's End, he was carry'd
With a rich Kentiſh Squire, and a Maid he had marry'd:
Derry Down.

VIII.

So leaving the Dilly and alſo it's Vermin,
To make love, or be hang'd, as their fate ſhall determine,
He got ſafe in good quarters, in fair CANTERBURY :—
And thus ends this queer ſing-ſong of hey! diddle derry:
Derry Down.

TO THE SAME.

CANTERBURY, AUGUST 29, 1789.

I.

THRO' tower-crown'd battlements I ſtray,
Whence Kings th' aſſault of rage defy'd;
Or take 'midſt gorgeous ſhrines my way,
Auguſt remains of prieſtly pride.

II.

Thoſe prieſts ſo proud, thoſe kings ſo great,
Their pomp and power, have long reſign'd;
Tho' haply at the hour of fate,
They ſigh'd—for what they left behind!

III.

I pity them, alas!—and why?
Ev'n now a ſimilar grief I ſhare;
Who think of GOLDER'S HILL *, and ſigh,
For *what I left behind me* THERE!

* Golder's Hill, Hendon, where the Author had a country houſe; a place deſervedly celebrated in an Ode by Akenſide.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A PRESENT OF PICKLED OYSTERS.

I HOPE, you'll not quarrel
With this little barrel;
Nor ſcornfully ſtickle
Againſt oyſters in pickle,

Since ſo freely they paſs
O'er your palate in ſauce.
If the Critics look croſs,
As if *ſauce* ſhould be *ſawce*;
Let them tie their wit up,
While on oyſters you ſup:—
And as ſoon as you 've done,
If their tongues then muſt run,
Let them take for their pains, what theſe tubs left behind 'em,
And lick the *ſhells* clean—if they know, *where to find 'em!*

TO MISS BISHOP,

ON A VISIT AT RICHMOND.

SUPPOSED TO COME FROM A FAVORITE PERSL KITTEN.

'Tis but a *little* wiſh I ſend,—
Accept it from a *little* friend.—
May the whole period of your ſtay
Be jocund, as a Kitten's Day!
Your temper and your manner ſhine,
Sprightly and innocent, as mine!
May Pleaſure's ſelf, for your dear ſake,
A portion of my likeneſs take!
Be brilliant, as the eye ſo blue;
Be ſpotleſs, as the ſnowy hue;
Be frequent, as the friſks; and yet,
Smooth, as the fur, of your—MINETTE!

TO THE SAME,

AT RICHMOND.

MARTIAL. BOOK 10. EPIGRAM 47. IMITATED.

[1] THE things, my deareſt girl, that pleaſe
In viſitants like you——are theſe:
[2] —POLITENESS, that appears inſpir'd
By Nature, not by Art acquir'd:
[3] SENSE quick to learn, and glad t' inform:
[4] GOOD-HUMOUR ever frank and warm:

MARTIAL. L. x. Ep. 47.

1 Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundiſſime Martialis, hæc ſunt:
2 Res non parta labore, ſed relicta;
3 Non ingratus ager; 4 focus perennis;

[5] WILL, that contends not: [6] No EXCESS,
Nor needleſs FREQUENCY of DRESS:
[7] An HEART that is, and ſeems SERENE:
[8] YOUTH'S active EASE: [9] HEALTH'S cheerful MIEN:
[10] Prudent SIMPLICITY: [11] A Mind,
To ſocial GENTLENESS inclin'd:
[12] An APPETITE, that ſcorns no Treat;
[13] Yet moſt enjoys the ſimpleſt Meat:
[14] SPIRITS from Morn to Night that laſt,
By no affected Gloom o'ercaſt:
[15] MIRTH not extravagant, nor loud:
And SERIOUSNESS nor croſs, nor proud:

5 Lis nunquam; 6 toga rara; 7 mens quieta;
8 Vires ingenuæ; 9 ſalubre corpus;
10 Prudens ſimplicitas; 11 pares amici;
12 Convictus facilis; 13 ſine arte menſa;
14 Nox non ebria, ſed ſoluta curis;
15 Non triſtis torus, et tamen pudicus;

[16] A firm RESOLVE in Act and Thought,
To be the very thing you ought;
[17] Whate'er you do, where'er you go,
Sleeping and waking, ſtill to ſhow
For Friends abroad all juſt concern;
[18] Nor long, nor ſcruple to return.

[17] Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras;
[16] Quod ſis, eſſe velis, nihilque malis:
[18] Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A SILVER SEAL, WHICH HAD BELONGED TO THE AUTHOR'S FATHER, SET IN GOLD.

LET this Domeſtic Relique prove,
If not your Father's wealth, his love;
Of all *his* Father once enjoy'd,
The only Relique not deſtroy'd;
Devolving, by unqueſtion'd claim,
On You—ſole Heireſs of—our Name.

If, when your Grandſire's Arms you view,
Nature ſhould catch th' affecting cue,
And prompt a pious wiſh t' explore,
What Form, what Mind, that Grandſire bore,
The very Seal, thoſe Arms which ſhows,
Some prominent Features will diſcloſe:—

The *Silver* marks his mental ſtore;
Pure, unambitious, uſeful Ore:
While ever, like the *Gold*, his Deed,
Each moral Touchſtone's teſt could plead.
—For other traits my pencil truſt:
Tho' faint the tints, the lines are juſt.
A Stature, full, compact, erect,—
A Manner, to command reſpect,—
An Eye, that look'd a friendly joke,—
The frank, but firm OLD BRITON ſpoke.
Well-principled, well-inform'd, well-ſkill'd,
He dignified the part he fill'd;
Wrought no man's wrong—nor e'er delay'd,
When injur'd right requir'd, his aid:
Stern to condemn, tho' ſlow to wound
The guilt his keen diſcernment found;
To fraud inflexible;—yet prone
To mitigate ſuffering folly's moan;
And ſpare the criminal, while he gave
To ſure conviction all the knave:

By Craft, at once admir'd and fear'd;
By Senſe approv'd; to Worth endear'd.
Tho' cruſh'd by pain, entomb'd he lay,
Ere *your* eyes open'd to the day,
Myſelf have heard, on public ground,
Within the paſſing year's ſhort round,
Surviving evidence proclaim
Spontaneous reverence for his name;
While thus the cordial ſuffrage ran,—
" 'Twas generous GEORGE, the Upright Man
How few among the ſumptuous ſhrines,
Where proud mortality reclines,
Boaſt merit, on that baſis rais'd?
So long remember'd?—or ſo prais'd?
If aught in his contracted ſphere,
An Heart ſo manly, Hands ſo clear,
By Spirit nerv'd, by Fortune croſt,
With Honour earn'd, with Patience lo[illegible],
May that arrear, whate'er th' amount,
Be plac'd, dear Girl, to your account!

To you, may Heav'n's award benign,
The Health, to him denied, assign!
To you, with this his Seal, make o'er
His right to *Better Days*, of yore!
And add, your own Deserts to grace,
All Time's old Debts, to all your Race!

TO THE REV. THOMAS CLARE.

LEFT AT THE BAR OF THE SOMERSET-HOUSE COFFEE-HOUSE.

WHERE are the Wits, extoll'd of yore?
Like Master BISHOP—GONE BEFORE—
—Where's Master BISHOP?—As they are,
GONE FORWARD——but *not quite so far!*
—Him and his ways, three words explain—
The—*Pit*—*Orchestra*—DRURY-LANE.

TO MISS DICKINS,

WITH A COPY OF MOORE'S FABLES.

Books, my dear Girl, when well deſign'd,
Are moral Maps of human kind;
Where, ſketch'd before judicious eyes,
The Road to Worth and Wiſdom lies.
Severe Philoſophy portrays
The ſteep, the rough, the t. ıy ways:
Croſs woods and wilds, the Learned Tribe
A dark and doubtful path deſcribe:
But Poeſy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns, and verdant meads;

And if perchance, in ſportful vein,
Thro' Fable's ſcenes ſhe guide her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's Garden glitters round.
I, SALLY! (who ſhall long to ſee
In you, how good your Sex can be)
Before you range with curious ſpeed,
Where'er that Garden's beauties lead,
And mark how MOORE could once diſplay
A ſcene ſo varied, and ſo gay,—
Beg you, for introduction's ſake,
A ſhort excurſive trip to make
O'er one poor plat, unlike the reſt,
Which my more humble care hath dreſt:
Where, if a little flow'ret blows,
From pure Affection's root it grows.

A Virgin ROSE, in all the pride
Of Spring's luxuriant bluſhes dy'd,

Above the vulgar Flowers was rais'd,
And with exceſs of luſtre blaz'd.
In full career of heedleſs play,
Chance brought a BUTTERFLY that way:
She ſtopt at once her giddy flight,
Proud on ſo ſweet a ſpot to light;
Spread wide her plumage to the ſun,
And thus in ſaucy ſtrain begun:
"Why, but to ſoften my repoſe,
"Could Nature rear ſo bright a Roſe?
"Why, but on Roſes to recline,
"Make forms ſo delicate as mine?
"Fate deſtin'd by the ſame decree,
"Me for the Roſe,—the Roſe for me."
A tiny BUG, who cloſe between
Th' unfolding bloom had lurk'd unſeen,
Heard, and in angry tone addreſt
This rude invader of his neſt:
"For thee, conſummate fool, the Roſe!
"No—to a nobler end it blows:—

" The velvet o'er it's foliage ſpread
" Secures to me, a downy bed:
" So thick it's crowding leaves aſcend,
" To hide, to warm me, and defend:
" For me thoſe odours they exhale,
" Which ſcent at ſecond hand the gale;
" And give ſuch *Things* as thee to ſhare,
" What my ſuperior claim can ſpare!"
While thus the quarrel they purſu'd,
A BEE the petty triflers view'd;
For once, reluctant, rais'd her head
A moment from her toil; and ſaid;
" Ceaſe, abject animals, to conteſt!
" They claim things moſt, who uſe them beſt.
" Would Nature finiſh Works like theſe,
" That Butterflies might baſk at eaſe?
" Or Bugs intrench'd in ſplendor lie,
" Born but to crawl, and doze, and die?
" The Roſe you vainly ramble o'er,
" Breaths balmy dews from every pore;

" Which yield their treaſur'd ſweets alone
" To ſkill and labour like my own:
" With ſenſe as keen as yours, I trace
" Th' expanding bloſſom's gloſſy grace;
" It's ſhape, it's fragrance, and it's hue;
" But while I trace, improve them too:
" Still taſte; but ſtill, from hour to hour,
" Bear home new Honey, from the flow'r."

Conceit may read for mere pretence
For mere amuſement, Indolence;
True Spirit deems no ſtudy right,
Till Profit—dignify Delight.

TO THE REVEREND MR. FATTING.

(ON A BROOMSTICK.)

1779.

"WRITE on a BROOMSTICK, Friend," you cry'd:
"Write *on*, and *for* YOURSELF," ſays Pride.
How ſhall I both commands fulfil?
You ought to rule me, and Pride will.
What if I try, in one deſign
Duty and Vanity to join?—
And while I urge the BROOMSTICK's plea,
Deſcribe, how it *reſembles* ME?
Perhaps you may approve the hint;
Tho' if you ſhould, there's danger in't:

Approval, ſuch as yours, to get,
Would only make me prouder yet.
" Can prouder be ?"—quoth Critic Laughter.
That's e'en as ſhall appear hereafter :—
Enquire we now, wherein, and why,
Such as the Broomſtick is, am I.
When once 'tis ſever'd from the tree,
None heeds the Broomſtick's pedigree :
And who, I wonder, cares a pin,
From whom I ſprung, to whom I'm kin ?
Before the Broomſtick of to-day
Came, *as* a Broomſtick, into play,
'Twas pluck'd, and peel'd, and lopt, and clipt,
Of Boughs, as I of Fortune ſtript ;
Then, like myſelf, at random hurl'd,
A bare adventurer on the world.
Moſt Broomſticks to a twiſt incline,
Juſt like this poking Pate of mine :
Nor can you ſet, by art or might,
The Wood quite ſtraight, the Head upright :

Nor is the Head, nor is the Wood,
Worth half the trouble, if you cou'd.
A Broomſtick's point (if you attend)
Is always near it's bigger end:
So, (this dull ditty makes it plain,)
My thickeſt part is next my brain.
Humour a Broomſtick, as you may,
'Twill crack, before it will give way:
And I, for my own whims contending
Bear great antipathy to bending.
Tho' oft in ſquabbles it appear,
No Broomſtick fights a volunteer;
Preſs'd into combat, if it break
One's head, 'tis for *another*'s ſake:
—Such would I be;—my friends to guard,
Would ſmite; and, if I ſmote, ſmite hard;
But never thro' the whole of life,
Stand forth, a *Principal* in ſtrife.
The Broomſtick ne'er affects extremes,
Content to *be*, the thing it ſeems:

May I, with ſtedfaſt mind and phiz,
Taking the world, as the world is,
Make ſuch philoſophy my own;
Glad to let—*well enough*, alone!
True to its proper part, and place,
The Broomſtick ſcorns to puſh a face:
And I that maxim to a tittle
Purſue, ſome think too far a little;
More prone to quit the ground I 've got,
Than claim a rank I merit not;
Conſcious how ſcanty, at the moſt,
Is all Truth *can*, or Senſe *would*, boaſt.
Witches, 'tis ſaid, on Lapland's coaſt,
Aſtride their Broomſticks travel poſt:
So when the Muſe is pleas'd to back
My *wooden* Genius for an hack,
Away ſhe ſcampers, like a Witch,
Thro' thick and thin, croſs hedge and ditch;
As if reſolv'd, before we part,
To break her own neck, or my heart.

Broomſticks on no punctilios ſtand,
Ready alike for every hand:
So I my ſkill and powers would ſuit,
(Powers how confin'd! ſkill how minute!)
To any need, at any call!—
Be uſeful——or not be at all.

One ſemblance more of me (God knows)
The Broomſtick, too exactly, ſhows;
By bands—long! long! perhaps to laſt!—
'Tis, like myſelf, to *Birch* bound faſt!
—And ſhall things ever thus remain?—
'Tis fair to hope, tho' not complain.
I bear, meanwhile, what muſt be borne:
And when to a mere Stump I'm worn,
Let this Eulogium on my Tomb ſtick,
" *Here lies*—THE MODEL OF A BROOMSTICK!"

TO THE REVEREND DR. ALTHAM.

THANKS FOR A PRESENT OF A PIG.

WRITTEN UNDER AN EMBLEM OF ELOQUENCE, REPRESENTED BY THE FIGURE OF A MAN EXALTED ON A PEDESTAL, AND HOLDING THE EARS OF HIS AUDITORS IN STRINGS.

From a ſcrub book, no matter what,
This Type of Eloquence I got;
But think, with better right and grace,
Your Pig may take the Speaker's place.
For, from the moment I drew out
From ſtraw and packthread it's round ſnout,
I 've liſten'd to the news it brings,
As if it held my ears in ſtrings.
Aſk you upon what theme it dwells?
—Hear then the tale, a dead Pig tells!—

Firſt, Sir, and foremoſt, thus it ſaith,
" That Rumour is not ground for Faith."
—No great diſcovery I allow;—
Yet mighty welcome doctrine *now*!
For Rumour you muſt know, with too many
Sad ſymptoms of a PERIPNEUMONY,
Had laid you *up*—and would, no doubt,
Ere long have kill'd, and laid you *out*.
But this ſame pig of yours alleges,
(And for it's truth it's carcaſe pledges,
Whereto it adds, by way of proof,
A label ſcrawl'd with your own hoof,)
That you (let Fame lie more or leſs)
Two properties at leaſt poſſeſs
Of Men alive, and fit to live—
—An *hand* to write—an *heart* to give.
Moreover, it ſets forth, as fully,
As if 't had ſtudied under TULLY,
That, ſpite of changes and of chances,
Time, diſtance, and croſs circumſtances,

An odd old Comrade's name can fill
One corner of your memory ſtill;
An honour, truly worth my getting;
A joy, that ſhrinks not in the wetting:
To which, had I the life of NESTOR,
I would ſubſcribe my—*Ita teſtor.*

Am *I* then an ill eſtimator,
Who call your Pig a PRIME ORĀTOR?
No.—If 'tis ELOQUENCE's part
To give a fillip to the heart,
Try Pigs, and Speech-makers *ad libitum,*
When, where, and how you pleaſe, exhibit 'em,
Yet from earth's ſurface to it's centre,
You'll never find an eloquenter.

So much for rhyme.—*Deſcende,* PEGASE!—
—What! and forget Dame HANWAY's Legacy!—
The Pig indeed ſpoke not a word on't;
Perhaps, becauſe it never heard on't;
Perhaps, becauſe it would not puff:
—But JEM's * authority's enough:

* Dr. Altham's brother.

And JEM has ſtated an account
Of Goods and Monies; whoſe amount
Will fill with plate *your* ſhop, and *his* ſhop;
Your pockets; and I hope your wiſh up;—
Whereof God give you joy!—Yours, BISHOP.

TO MR. AND MRS. SCOTT.

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

"WHAT Dower has gentle KATE to ſhow?"
—Good-humour's comfortable glow;
Voice, geſture, looks, that ſay,
One tried in pious Duty's part,
A Maid with all a Mother's heart,
Becomes a Bride to-day.

Let HIM, whoſe prudent choice prefers
Her, and endowments ſuch as hers,
Give bliſs, as he is bleſt;
Devote his own, to aid her powers;
With love relieve her careful hours,
With love—endear the reſt.

Let KATE with ſweet complacence earn,
With grace receive, with joy return,
Each proof of tender zeal;
For every praiſe, have every plea;
Be—all the fondeſt Wives can be;
Feel—all the happieſt feel.

TO THE

V. GEORGE STEPNEY TOWNLEY,

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1779.

WHAT ſhall the Father hope, the Mother pray,
When their Girl's eyes firſt open to the day?

That ductile Spirit, ſimple Truth,
And pregnant Senſibility,
May lead up Infancy to Youth!—
And every prank of playful glee
Still ſeem to ſay, "This Babe was born
"A ROSE of Beauty, with no Thorn!"

That year by year, new female Grace
To manlier Judgment may be join'd!
Her Genius animate her Face!
Her Manner indicate her Mind!—
A Face, a Mind, that ſhow her born
A Roſe of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her full Form, and perfect Powers,
The Worthy, and the Wife may ſtrike;
And Love, to bleſs her married hours,
Conduct and match her to her Like!—
One, who ſhall know, and boaſt her born
A Roſe of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her capacious heart may take
Grateful, the ſhare of Good decreed!
And comfortable Candour make
All ſhe enjoys, be Joy indeed!—
Joy, whoſe pure glow may prove her born
A Roſe of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That never inſult, loſs, or pain,
May work an heavier weight of Care,
Than conſcious Honour can diſdain,
Or provident Diſcretion bear!
While meek Complacence ſpeaks her born
A Roſe of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That Age inſenſibly may creep!
And her laſt look may ſee ſurvive
An Offspring of her own, to keep
Her Likeneſs, and her Name alive!
Then may ſhe die, as ſhe was born,
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

*TO MR. WOODWARD**.

SONNET,

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

HARRY! (whoſe apt and quaintly pregnant ſkill
O'er prompt obedient features could diffuſe
Each tint of wayward Humour; while the Muſe
Thro' all her fleet lubricities, at will
Purſued the Changeling; limning portraits ſtill,
Which mimic Art doth animate, and uſe
For worthieſt ends; ſith therein Folly views
Her own form,—conſcious, tho' ſhe laugh her fill,—

* HARRY WOODWARD, born 1714, died April 17, 1777.

Haply ſo beſt confronted!) What to THEE,
The Public Ear hath ow'd, unqueſtion'd ſtands;
Whenas thy Powers, aye riſing in degree,
Rais'd tiptoe Expectation's high demands,
And to the Scene gave that abundant glee,
Which to applaud long taſk'd a Nation's hands!

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. ISAAC SCHOMBERG *.

COULD drugs of more immediate power,
By ſkill more opportune apply'd,
Protract, for man, the vital hour,
No Friend of SCHOMBERG's e'er had dy'd!

* ISAAC SCHOMBERG, M. D. died March 1780.

Could warm Benignity of ſoul
Arreſt the arm up-rear'd to kill,
Death would have felt the bland controul,
And SCHOMBERG had been living ſtill!

CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND JAMES TOWNLEY,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

INTRODUCED IN AN EXERCISE, SPOKEN AT THE FIRST PUBLIC EXAMINATION OF THE SCHOLARS AFTER HIS DECEASE.

* * * * * FOR one loſt Friend
A tear will trickle, and a ſigh aſcend.—
Never did Friend Love more parental prove;
Never did Father bear more friendly Love;

Largely benevolent; minutely juſt;
Above Diſguiſe, becauſe above Diſtruſt:
Sure, if he err'd, to err on Candour's ſide;
And only proud, to ſhew Contempt of Pride:
Frank, but not forward; without Rigour, right;
With Genius modeſt, and with Truth polite.
Lively, yet liberal, his convivial Joke;
Warm Humour pointed it; Good-nature ſpoke.
Rich was his Fancy; tho' unlabour'd, neat
His Phraſe; and chaſte, tho' comic, his Conceit.
His Wit was Satire, by Addreſs diſarm'd;
The Manner won, ev'n whom th' attack alarm'd;
Save, when at Vice—to Vice alone a foe—
Full in the face of Day, he aim'd his blow;—
Or ſped, unſeen, th' effectual Shaft; while Fame,
That hail'd the Triumph, knew not *whoſe* the Claim.

CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND NICHOLAS FATTING.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

On this ſame Spot, the Muſes firſt
His infant dawn of Genius nurſt:
On this ſame Spot, they ſoon confeſt
His toils to public uſe addreſt;
His care coercive, yet benign,
Endearing ſtricter diſcipline;
And blending in the Teacher's part,
The Cenſor's eye, the Parent's heart.
In Prieſtly Character, his zeal
Was what Conviction ought to feel:

Inflexibly ſevere, to tread
Where perſonal Duty's limits led;
And live in act, and be in thought,
A Comment on the Truths he taught.
His ſocial hour's conſpicuous merit
Was cheerful, yet corrected, Spirit;
That rais'd in each ſurrounding breaſt,
The ſame Good-humour it expreſt.
His Judgment was a ray, that glow'd
To light ſtrong Senſe, thro' Reaſon's road:
Trac'd Worth's true price; and left Deceit
To work at will, it's own defeat.
His Charity had a double drift,
To give—and to conceal the gift;
Anxious to ſee the Good it dealt,
Not number'd, not deſcrib'd—but felt!
Excellence ſo rare, from human view,
With Him, you lov'd ſo long, withdrew:—
—Yet why the falling ſtar deplore?—
Heaven gains one Luminary more!

The Light his Life has ceas'd to give,
Will ev'n in his example live:
And Memory's grateful Incenſe burn,
Diffuſing Radiance from his Urn!

MEM: SAC:

MATT. DISNEY—ARCHIB. BRAKENRIDGE.

Spirits!—long loos'd from mortal care!—
If haply down your fields of air
A momentary glance ye caſt,
And ſee a lonely lingerer ſtray
Thro' paths, where oft in prankful play,
With you his younger foot hath paſt!

Accept the ſudden tear, that ſteals
Along his cheek.—For ſure he feels

The genuine impulſe of the Muſe;
Who leading Memory back to you,
Friends as ye were!—reminds him too,
What Friends *himſelf was doom'd to loſe!*

GODSTOW, JULY 12, 1775.

EPITAPH ON MRS. HAND,

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

For worth ſo dear, th' eternal tear might flow;
And Love would ſanctify an Huſband's Woe:
But Truth the record of that Worth diſplays,
And takes from Sorrow, what it gives to Praiſe:
Alternate claims his grateful heart divide;
And Memory's Miſery is Affection's Pride.

INSCRIPTION,

DESIGNED FOR A BATH,

AT THE ROOKERY NEAR WOTTON IN SURRY.

THOU, VIRGIN HEALTH! who turn'ſt with ſcorn away
From Luxury's lure, and Riot's rude aſſault,
To crown the genuine joy of Labour's day,
Or feaſt with Temperance in the moſs-grown vault,

Wilt oft henceforth, if right of thee we deem,
When Hope ſhall HERE her azure pinions lave,
Aſcend propitious with the bubbling ſtream,
And love to greet her in ſo pure a wave.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

HOC AGE.

A VICAR in a certain vale,
His farmers thus addreſt;
"As much, good friends, as you love ale,
"So much do I love reſt:

"One humming cag, behind the ſtairs,
"This cellar key ſecures;
"Bate me but half to-morrow's prayers,
"And half that cag is yours."

Doctrine ſo feelingly propos'd,
His eager audience ſnapt;
The morrow came; the church ſtood clos'd;
The humming cag was tapt.

Bumper by bumper, jug by jug,
A gradual vacuum made;
Till hollow round the mid-way plug,
Alarming echoes play'd.

"Doctor!" exclaim'd a child of fun,
"O! heed what we implore!
"And ſince ſo far ſo well you 've done,
"E'en do a little more!

"Snug as we are, thus hand to fiſt,
"What pity 'twere to wag!—
"Reſt the whole day, if ſo you liſt,
"And give us—all the cag!

ANOTHER.

Ὑγίειαν πρόλεγον.

Says Butler, "Hebrew roots are found
"To flouriſh moſt in barren ground."

The reaſon is extremely plain—
Hebrew, obſerve it where you will,
Is *ſet* the wrong end foremoſt ſtill,
And therefore *grows*—againſt the grain.

ANOTHER.

PLUS, MINUS.

A DUTCHMAN'S breeches, in full taſte,
Two contraſted extremes divide;
Buttons, like platters, at the waiſt,
And ſtuds, like peas, along the ſide.

Each ſize preſents, in emblem true,
A genuine DUTCHMAN'S conſtant trim;
The *large*—marks what he'd get by *you*—
The *little*—what you'll get by *him!*

ANOTHER.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

In Rome of old her Titus bore
The nobleſt, gentleſt mind;
Lord of the world; and what was more,
The friend of human-kind;

Supreme in virtue, as in rank,
'Twas his exalted plan,
To reckon every day a blank,
That had not bleſt it's man.

How great! how Godlike! to ſurvey
The ſuppliants round a throne;
And giving each an happy day,
Make glorious—*all* his own.

ANOTHER.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

To Childermas day ſome object,
Some Friday deem a bad day;—
But WILL, by no ſuch notions check'd,
Lets no day be a ſad day:

More cheerful ſtill, as more in debt,
He makes each day a May-day;
Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
But for that queer day,—*Pay-day!*

ANOTHER.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

When EUCLIO a ſnug ſuddle choſe,
For want of better converſation,
His man was call'd (the ſtory goes)
To ſhare a *tête-à-tête* potation.

By the mere force of grave hob-nob,
Bumpers flew faſter ſtill, and faſter;
"Maſter, my *ſarvice*!"—"Thank ye, Bob!"—
"Here's to ye, Robert!"—"Thank ye,
"Maſter!"

Such buſineſs, follow'd up ſo cloſe,
Soon brought them to th' end o' the tether;
They paſs'd their day; they took their doſe;
Star'd, ſtutter'd, ſtagger'd, ſnor'd together.

Thus bout, at home, ſucceeded bout;
For *there* was no reſtraint before 'em;
But when occaſion call'd them *out*,
'Twas proper to preſerve decorum:

And therefore they agreed to make
A *bonâ fide* ſtipulation,
Strict turn and turn, abroad, to take;
One drunk, one ſober, in rotation.

The firſt day was the Maſter's right;
And each perform'd the part decreed him;
The Squire was reeling ripe by night,
And Robert cool enough to lead him.

Soon after Robert's day came round,
When to a neighbouring peer's they ſally'd;
Whoſe tap ſo free, whoſe ale ſo ſound,
With Robert's taſte exactly tally'd:—

But in the pith of all his pride,
A ſummons from his Maſter caught him,
Who took him cunningly aſide,
And thus in ſoothing ſtyle beſought him:

"Robert, I've had *my* day, I know;
"And this, I know, to thee is due for 't;
"But wouldſt thou now thy claim forego,
"Hereafter I'll allow thee two for't."

" 'Tis hard," quoth Robert, " to deny,
" And from my ſoul I pity you, ſir;
" But what you aſk, is more than I,
" 'Tis more than fate itſelf can do, ſir.

" Tho' mild as mother's milk, it be,
" His lordſhip's ſtingo 's wond'rous heady:—
" The day is three parts ſpent, you ſee,
" And I am *three parts gone already!*"

ANOTHER.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

A THOUSAND objects of deſire,
On foreign coaſts you 'll view;
Now art, now nature's works admire,
Here ſplendor, there virtù:—

But bleſſings which at *home* you ſee,
Sublimer joy ſuggeſt:
Old ENGLAND gives you Liberty;
And that gives—*all the reſt.*

ANOTHER.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had JOHN and JOAN to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board;
And that was fill'd each night;—

Along whoſe inner bottom—ſketch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby ANGEL'S face.

JOHN ſwallow'd firſt a moderate ſup;
But JOAN was not like JOHN;
For when *her* lips once touch'd the cup,
She ſwill'd, till all was gone.

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair;
But ſhe ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to ſee the ANGEL there,
And therefore—drain'd the pot.

When JOHN found all remonſtrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the ANGEL ſtood ſo plain,
He got a DEVIL portray'd.

JOAN ſaw the horns, JOAN ſaw the tail,
Yet JOAN as ſtoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when ſhe ſeiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

JOHN ſtar'd, with wonder petrify'd;
His hair ſtood on his pate;
And "Why doſt guzzle now," he cry'd,
"At this enormous rate?"—

"Oh! JOHN," ſhe ſaid, "am I to blame?
"I can't in conſcience ſtop:
"For ſure 'twould be a burning ſhame,
"*To leave the* DEVIL—*a Drop!*"

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

THREE ſtrangers blaze amidſt a bonfire's revel;
The Pope, and the Pretender, and the Devil.—
Three ſtrangers hate our faith, and faith's defender;
The Devil, and the Pope, and the Pretender.—
Three ſtrangers, will be ſtrangers long, we hope;
The Devil, and the Pretender, and the Pope.—
Thus in three rhymes, three ſtrangers dance the hay:
—And he that chuſes to dance after 'em, may.

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

JOHN BULL, whene'er the maggot bites,
Cropſick with eaſe and quiet,
Raves about wrongs, roars about rights;
All rumpus, rage, and riot.

But if a foreign foe intrudes,
JOHN tells a different ſtory;
Away with fears! away with feuds!
All 's Union, Triumph, Glory!

He ſcorns DONS, DUTCHMEN, and MOUNSEER:
And ſpite of their alliance,
With half the world about his ears,
Bids t'other half Defiance!

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

VIRTUES, and faſhions, jointly ſhare
All ENGLAND'S pride, all ENGLAND'S care;
From foreign fops, and coxcomb courts,
Faſhions, by wholeſale, ſhe *imports;*
But let it, to her praiſe, be known,
OLD ENGLAND'S VIRTUES—*are her own!*

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

ONLY mark how grim CODRUS's viſage extends!
How unlike his ownſelf! how eſtrang'd from his friends!
He wore not this face when eternally gay,
He revell'd all night, and he chirrup'd all day.
Honeſt CODRUS had then his own houſe at his call;
'Twas Bachelor's, therefore 'twas Liberty Hall:
But now he has quitted poſſeſſion for life;
And he *lodges*, poor man! in the *houſe of his wife!*

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

ON travelling our ideas run,
When we lament a buried brother—
"Poor TOM's *gone* under ground," ſays one;
"TOM's *gone* to his long home," ſays t'other.

Whatever terms deſcribe th' event,
One truth of each dead friend we know:
He's gone—where all *before* him *went*;
And where all *after* him—*muſt go*.

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINAM.

ONE Native of a diſtant coaſt,
Her Sex's and her Country's boaſt,
Th' applauding World had ſeen;
Her—BRITAIN's Genius knew deſign'd,
The Friend, and favourite of Mankind;
And claim'd her for a QUEEN!

Whate'er diſtinctions we may raiſe,
'Twixt foreign and domeſtic praiſe,
In this we all concur:
Wherever born—'tis Worth alone
Makes *Her* ſo fit for ſuch a *Throne*,
And ſuch a THRONE for HER.

ANOTHER.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHEN TOM call'd in, one day, on NED,
His wife was plaiſtering dearee's head;
Who ſigh'd; but dar'd not ſhake it!—
'Tis well TOM's pace is ſomething ſlower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd ſeen the vixen break it!

ANOTHER.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WOULD Fate on me two luckier hours
I 'd give 'em to my friend, and to my
One to embrace the partner of my heart
And ſo to meet, as never more to part:—
And one, from him who hates me to retreat;
And ſo to part,——as never more to meet.

ANOTHER.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHILE JOE moves all too quick, or all too ſl
No hour of joy can be the hour of JOE :
But NIC (ſly rogue!) is ne'er too ſlow, nor qu
The nick of time is ſtill—the time of NIC !

ANOTHER.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHEN HARRY's ſhrill beldame thinks prope
ſtray,
" Come hang out the broom, HAL," his neighb
all ſay,
" And throw every care on the ſhelf"—
'Tis a fortunate hour, which full dearly he ea
For 'tis twenty to one, but when Madam retur
He'll be ready to hang out—himſelf !

ANOTHER.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

You may talk of your houſes of Commons and Lords,
Of the ſtrength of their lungs, and the length of their words;
But in ſpite of their Cons, and in ſpite of their Pros,
They that ſpeak to the point—are the *Ayes* and the *Noes!*

ANOTHER.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

Celia her ſex's foible ſhuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs;
Two phraſes anſwer every part:
One *gain'd*—one *breaks*—her huſband's heart;
I *will*, ſhe ſaid, when made a bride;—
I *wont*—thro' all her life beſide.

ANOTHER.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

On Folly's lips eternal tatlings dwell:
Wiſdom ſpeaks little—but that little, well.
So length'ning ſhades the ſun's decline betray;
But ſhorter ſhadows mark meridian day.

ANOTHER.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

Let poets for goddeſſes rack their invention;
Let philoſophers dreſs up ideas of virtue;
Let hiſtorians to merit invite our attention,
While fable, or fancy, or fact, they recur to:—
We can put all they ſay, aye and more, all they mean,
Into one little ſyllable's compaſs—the QUEEN!

ANOTHER.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

WHILE with longs and with ſhorts, all our heads
are ſo full,
I'll tell you an Engliſh grammatical bull:
Compare the word "ſhort," and you'll find it confeſt,
That "ſhorter" is longer, and "ſhorteſt" longeſt.

ANOTHER.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

BY never-failing cunning taught,
Her arts the ſpider plies;
And ambuſh'd in the web ſhe wrought,
A fell aſſaſſin lies.

By never-ceaſing raſhneſs led,
The fly purſues his way,
Bolts on the ſnare his heedleſs head—
A ſelf-devoted prey.

Nature upholds her general reign
By everlaſting rules:
Her ſpiders would be *knaves* in vain,
Unleſs her flies were *fools*.

ANOTHER.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

HATCH'D all from alien eggs, along the meads,
The jocund hen a troop of ducklings leads:
But when the dangers of the pool they brave,
And plunge intrepid in the dreadful wave;
High beats her fluttering heart; ſhe calls; ſhe cries;
And reſtleſs round and round the margin flies.—
Alike unalter'd, nature's powers occur;
Inſtinct in them, parental care in her:
The offspring's deed proclaims a race unknown;
A mother's feelings prove the brood her own.

ANOTHER.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

CURIO, whoſe hat a nimble knave had ſnatch'd,
Fat, clumſy, gouty, aſthmatic, and old,
Panting againſt a poſt, his noddle ſcratch'd,
And his ſad ſtory to a ſtranger told—

"Follow the thief," replied the ſtander by;
"Ah! Sir!" ſaid he, "theſe feet will wag no
"more!"
"Alarm the neighbourhood with an hue and cry"—
"Alas! I 've roar'd as long as lungs could
"roar!"

"Then," quoth the ſtranger, "vain is all en-
"deavour;
"*Sans* voice to call, *ſans* vigour to purſue;
"And ſince your *hat*, of courſe, is gone for ever,
"I 'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—Adieu!"

ANOTHER.

Κρύσια χαλκῖων.

Lodg'd in pure hands, the very ore refines;
What merit earns, with honour we can hold;
An honeſt penny, a baſe pound outſhines;
The gold of Fraud is braſs—the braſs of Virtue, gold!

ANOTHER.

Κρύσια χαλκῖων.

Women, it ſeems, whoe'er pay ſcot and lot,
May ſerve church-wardens, overſeers—what not?
For ſo in ſolemn ſort the Courts aver'd,
Term. Hil. the 28th of George the Third.—
O! Lawyers! Lawyers! who ſuch ſuits abet,
Think what you hazard for the fees you get!
The very arguments you now deviſe,
In time to come, againſt yourſelves may riſe;—

And prove, as well equipp'd for wordy war,
A Bench of Grannums—and a Female Bar!

ANOTHER.

Κρίσια χαλκῖων.

When once, VOLTAIRE, with jealous rage,
Attack'd our SHAKESPEARE'S glorious page,
To give abuſe a gloſs,
In FRENCH tranſlation's awkward mould,
He firſt debas'd the genuine Gold,
Then judg'd it by his droſs.

Vain impotence of critic ſpite!
SHAKESPEARE'S old ſterling, ſolid, bright,
All taſtes and times will ſuit:——
While the pert FRENCHMAN'S baſer maſs,
If rank'd at all, will rank with braſs;—
And worthleſs braſs, to boot.

ANOTHER.

Κρύσια χαλκεῖων.

HEED not the tales the ſmuggling crew repeat!
They'll ſurely cheat you, who teach you to cheat:
He deals, to loſe, who takes baſe means to ſave;
'Tis a fool's purchaſe, when it makes a knave!

ANOTHER.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

Κρύσια χαλκεῖων.

YOUR venerable Chaplain * once,
(Tho' now with age he bend,)
Train'd *here* the ſcholar, laſh'd the dunce,
A Maſter, and a Friend.

* Mr. FAYTING.

To profit by his well-known care,
His child a Butcher brought;
And all the needful to prepare,
A dictionary bought.

Before a week it's courſe had run,
The Butcher came again—
"Take back your book, give back my ſon,"
He cried, with might and main:—

"*Larning!*—'tis money thrown away,
"Such *Larning* to procure:
"The book don't ſhow, the boy can't ſay,
"What's Latin—for a *ſkewer*!"

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

WHAT boiling, melting, ſqueezing, mixing, ſtirring,
To make our Engliſh punch are all concurring:—

The Scotch receipt to ſimpler modes reſorts;
—To two full quarts of brandy—*add two quarts.*

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

FAME ſays, there are (we hope Fame fibs)
Among our modern youth,
Who lace around their dainty ribs,
A pair of ſtays, forſooth!

Fortune! howe'er in different ways
Thou ſettleſt rank, and riches,
O! match theſe milkſop males in ſtays
With wives—that wear the breeches!

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

OBSERVE the barriſter expand
A copious length, and breadth of band;

Who when a college ſmart of yore,
A ſnip ſcarce ſtatutable wore;
And yet 'tis nothing hard to trace
Proportion's rule in either caſe:
The band in academic ſtation,
Was little—like his application;
But now, encreas'd by due degrees,
'Tis large, and ample—as his fees!

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

For every living thing on ſhore,
Our naturaliſts agree,
The acute obſerver may explore
Some counter-part at ſea.

One proof this rule's not ſtrictly true,
Our British Tars will ſtand;
Who ne'er by ſea their Equals knew,
Nor yet their *like*—by land.

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

Old Gulo, one day, gravely ſhaking his head,
To his comrades a lecture of temperance read:
"In all eating, and drinking, proportion purſue,—
"That's my method," ſaid he—and indeed he ſaid true:
For wherever good wine, and good ven'ſon he found,
He would drink ye *three bottles*—and eat ye *three pound*.

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

In an old Rabbi's book, this ſtory's given;—
When Eve and Adam firſt were man and wife,
Ten veſſels full of Speech came down from Heav'n,
Nine out of which the woman kept for life.

In active pow'rs of head, and hand and heart,
ADAM, no doubt, ſurpaſs'd his conſort far;
Yet EVE had wherewithal to play her part;
Nine words in ten—ſet all upon a *par!*

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

WHEN Doctors, twenty years ago,
Wore wigs of venerable flow,
A bodkin ſword's diminutive ſtump
Stuck right acroſs each phyſic rump;—
Whoſe ſhort dimenſions ſeem'd to ſay,
"Our object is to ſave, not ſlay."
An emblem apt enough, I trow.—
But wicked wits pretend to ſhow,
For ſwords ſo ſmall, an apter ſtill—
—"We 've other ways than *one*—to kill!"

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

No Fame of Thrones, that whilom were,
No Thrones that now are ſeen,
Show ſuch an Exemplary Pair,
As Britain's King and Queen.

From Worth ſo long, ſo well diſplay'd,
Allegiance argues thus;
As *they* were for *each other* made,
So *both* were made for *us*.

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

" Madam!—My Dear!—I bid!—I beg!—
" Don't!—Don't be dogged—Prythee, Peg!"—
" Why look ye, Lovee!"—Peg reply'd;
" Like meat, like ſauce!—Like ſpouſe, like bride!"

" If a tartar you 'll be, you a tartar ſhall catch!—
" Coax and kiſs! here's your wife! Huff and cuff!
" here's your match!"

ANOTHER.

IN NOVÂ FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN Sloth puts urgent buſineſs by,
" To-morrow's a new day," ſhe'll cry.
And all *her* morrows prove it true,—
They 're *never us'd*—and therefore *new!*

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN ENGLAND's foes her follies view,
Each day, each hour, ſhows ſomething new;
But let them try in *Arms* their ſkill,
And ENGLAND—is OLD ENGLAND ſtill!

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

In due regard to modern taſte,
Tom Dupe, the village ſquire,
Along a barn, in proſpect plac'd,
Three ſcraps of paint-ſmear'd windows trac'd,
And half a Gothic ſpire.—

Thus in antiques by faſhion's lore,
The ſham thing hides the true one;
The barn, top, bottom, ſides, and floor,
Was an *old* Ruin heretofore——
And now 'tis made a *new* One!

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

"There's nothing new beneath the ſun"—
So ancient wit's deciſions run;

But wit no match for facts is:—
For I know things, and so do you,
Tho' everlasting, ever new!——
What think you, sirs, of TAXES?

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

'TWIXT those Poets of old, and our Poets of late—
One perpetual distinction holds true:—
The New in a twinkling are all out of date;
The Old—will *forever be new!*

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

"READ! Read!" the thread-bare Poet cries;
"New powers of verse I bring:
"At every line new beauties rise,
"Spontaneous while I sing!"

Poet! thy boaſt would ſeem more true,
One fact if thou could'ſt [illegible];
Had powers and beauties all [illegible]ew,
Procur'd thee——a *new coat!*

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

Tom Whiffle changes every day;
But that's but half the curſe;
He changes evermore one way;—
To wit—from bad to worſe!

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

When Charles the Firſt the ſceptre bore,
Each grave Divine, I trow,
A ſilken cap all ſable wore,
With nine ſtraight hairs b[illegible]w.

The Reſtoration's jovial day,
Chang'd, with the men, the mode,
And orthodox heads, in broad diſplay,
The flaxen buckle ſhow'd.

In Anna's reign, from general view,
Th' enormous flaxens fled:
And lo! perukes of milk-white hue,
Succeeded in their ſtead.

Theſe, too, incurr'd by lapſe of years,
Diſuſe, tho' not diſgrace:
New clerical brows requir'd new gears;
And grizzles took their place.

Yet ſtill the wig's full form retain'd
The feather'd foretop's peak:
Yet ſtill the ſolemn buſh remain'd,
To flank the roſy cheek.——

But *now!*—forgive the conſcious muſe,
That feels her verſe too bold:—
What faſhions *modern* Reverends uſe,
You need not here be told.—

Tho' new their taſte, while they adopt
Their good forefathers' ways,
The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,
Have all their claim to praiſe.

ANOTHER.

SPLENDEAT USU.

"AYE! Honeſty's a jewel," RICHARD cry'd,
"That ſhines the clearer ſtill, the more 'tis try'd."
"True, DICK," quoth JEREMY—"yourſelf may
"ſhew it,
"Your honeſty's ſo clear—we all *ſee through it.*"

ANOTHER.

SPLENDEAT USU.

SEE! ſtretch'd on nature's couch of graſs,
The foot-ſore traveller lies!
Vaſt treaſures let the great amaſs;
A leathern pouch, and burning glaſs,
For all his wants ſuffice.

For him the ſun it's power diſplays,
In either hemiſphere;
Pours on VIRGINIA's coaſt it's blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raiſe;
And ſhines to light it—HERE!

ANOTHER.

SPLENDEAT USU.

WHEN all, a people for a KING can feel,
Burſt into voice,—an uniſon of zeal,—

The QUEEN ſo long rever'd, and lov'd ſo well,
Heard the glad theme the general ſhout employ;
And 'midſt the thunders of affectionate joy,
Dropt a warm tear, that ſparkled as it fell.

But oft, if right the Muſe the future read,
Will ſimilar praiſe, to ſimilar feelings lead,
While Virtues like her own, her name endear;
Th' effect is but proportion'd to the cauſe;
Her tear will ſtill do honour to applauſe,
And new applauſes ſtill call forth her tear.

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

IF matters have been ſtated ill,
In Chancery you may mend your *bill:*
But mending bills, three times in four,
Is only giving ſcope for more:
When legal flaws keep ſuits depending,
'Tis the bill-*maker*, that wants *mending!*

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

THE RUSSIAN huſbands, as we 're told,
Their wives to due correction hold,
Whene'er they act or judge ill:——
"Love me and love my dog," we cry;
But their rough diſcipline ſeems to imply,
"Love me, and love my cudgel."

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

"To our ruin point-blank," quoth the Patriot,
"we run;
"Whether doing or undoing, both ways undone;
"And Government nods to it's fall:"—
But whatever we riſque, or whatever we loſe,
Let the Patriot but ſtand in the Miniſter's ſhoes,
And that ſingle amendment—mends all!

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

MANKIND, tho' ſatiriſts with jobations weary us,
Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd;
The firſt of which is—trifling with things ſerious;
And ſerioufneſs in trifles—is the ſecond:
Remove theſe little rubs, whoe'er knows how,
And fools will be as ſcarce—as wiſe men now!

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

EXPERT phyſiognomiſts teach us to trace
All another's defects in the lines of his face,
By infallible rules, if we mind 'em:
But methinks, with reſpect to the faults of our neighbour,
'Twould be much better worth a philoſopher's labour,
Could he cure us—of looking to find 'em!

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

To a noted optician, a ſimple grave man,
In theſe terms his addreſs for aſſiſtance began;—
" If with me, like my neighbours, you think 'twould
" ſucceed,
" I would purchaſe a glaſs, that would help me to
" read."

Number this, number that, no effect could produce;
Concave, and convex, were alike of no uſe;
The ſhop was all rummag'd for old ware and new;
But nothing came of it—for nothing would do.

" 'Tis ſtrange," ſaid the artiſt, " you ſee none the
" better;
" Cannot all theſe varieties ſhow you a letter?"

" Show a letter?" quoth he, " yes, by hundreds
" they ſhow 'em;
" I can *ſee* faſt enough; what I want—is to *know*
" 'em."

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

WHEN two fond ſouls for GRETNA GREEN engage,
From wife reſtraint, by raſh elopement freed,
LOVE ſits poſtillion; and at every ſtage,
Inſpires new paſſion, while he adds new ſpeed.

Thus they go forth—but how will they return?
Ev'n on the road, perhaps, ordain'd to prove
A truth, which folly, firſt or laſt, muſt learn,—
" That ſore REPENTANCE drives as faſt as
" LOVE!"

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

To ſerve five churches in a day,
The curate mounts his ſteed;
Thro' towns, prayers, ſermons, wings his way,
And all three-quarter's ſpeed.

All did I ſay?—why then I ſaid
A thing beſide my text;
The laſt with double haſte is ſped,—
Becauſe the dinner's next.

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

A Public ſpirited peer, we 're told,
Mechanic powers had found; and try'd;
By which a ſhip her courſe may hold,
Without the help of wind or tide.

Two wiſe obſervers, Tom and Will,
Found means th' experiment to ſee;
And turn'd and twiſted all their ſkill,
To ſettle how the thing could be.

"It can't ſtand ſtill, becauſe it goes,"
Exclaim'd at laſt ſagacious Will;
"True," anſwer'd Tom, "and I ſuppoſe,
"It goes—becauſe it can't ſtand ſtill!"

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

Tho' far from Britain, Britain's worthieſt pride,
The World's great Patriot, generous Howard, dy'd,
Let not our ſorrow blame his wiſh to roam:
With ſuch an heart, as ſuch a life diſplay'd,
An heart, which all Mankind one Family made,
To travel—was but to enlarge his Home!

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

In our forefathers days, for once in his life,
The ſquire brought to London his daughter and wife,
And great was the fuſs and ado:
But henceforward, ye ſquires, let this trouble alone!
For if London grows on, as of late it has grown,
It will ſoon—*make a viſit to you!*

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

In China, when a huſband's praiſe
The beauties of his wife diſplays,
Among her charms, he never fails
To rank her growing length of nails.

—'Twould give our married men ſome f
Had beauty ſuch a ſtandard here!
For ſure (I ſpeak it with concern)
Things *might—ſometimes*, take ſuch a turn,
That as a lady's talons grew,
Her paſſions might get ſtronger too!
Tongues without nails (excuſe me if I 'm wrc
Are always long enough—if not too long.

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FALSEHOOD and TRUTH, in rival race,
Eternal contraſt prove;
FALSEHOOD ſpeeds on with rapid pace;
TRUTH ſcarce appears to move:

FALSEHOOD finds numbers in her courſe,
Who prompt aſſiſtance lend;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force;
And Folly ſtands her friend:

Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make ſhift
To help her on her way;
And Fortune gives her many a lift;
No matter for foul play:

Yet, after all her efforts try'd,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the victory ſhall decide,
SHE 'll *end*—where TRUTH *begun!*

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

"JUSTICE!" a Woman to an Emperor cry'd;
"Juſtice againſt an Huſband's ſcorn I crave;
"Who, tho' from morn to night I frown and chide,
"Nor minds, nor mends, for all th' advice I
"gave."
Your tale," replied the Emperor, "truth may be;
But pray, good Woman, what is that to *me?*"

" That," quoth the ſpiteful Vixen, " is not all:
" Suppoſe yourſelf the ſubject of our ſtrife:
" If right, my Lord, my ſtrong ſuſpicions fall,
" He cares no more for You, than for his Wife."
" That," ſaid the Emperor, " may perhaps be
" true;
" But pray, good Woman, what is that to *you?*"

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

" PERHAPS," ſaid a doctor one day to his friend,
" You remember a tale, which you made me
" attend:
" That tale, ſir, much more than you think of, has
" coſt:
" It detain'd me ſo long, that a patient was loſt."
" Alas!" quoth the friend, " I'm quite ſorry for
" that,
" That your patient ſhould ſuffer by my idle chat."

Should ſuffer!"—the doctor replied with a
" ſigh,
No!—he is the ſaver!—the ſufferer am I!—
Nature popt in between, while I ſlackened my
" ſpeed;—
And the man was got well, before I could get
" fee'd."

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A COWARD's heart, in common ſpeech, is
Oft ſaid to ſink into his breeches;
Hence faſhionable prigs, in hope
To give their ſinking hearts more ſcope,
(While up their ſides, in lieu of ſtays,
Their breeches to their ribs they raiſe,)
Have inſtinct's wiſe precaution choſe,
And ſunk them downwards—to their toes!

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

ONCE in a barn, the ſtrolling wardrobe's liſt
Had but one ruffle left, for HAMLET's wriſt :—
Neceſſity, which has no law, they ſay,
Could with one ruffle, but one arm diſplay :
"What's to be done?"—the Hero ſaid, and ſigh'd,—
"Shift hands each ſcene," a brother buſkin cry'd :
"Now in the pocket keep the left from ſight,
"While o'er your breaſt you ſpread the ruffled "right :
"Now in your robe the naked right repoſe,
"While down your left the dingy cambrick "flows :
"Thus, tho' half-ſkill'd, as well as half-array'd,
"You 'll make *one change*—which GARRICK *never* "*made.*"

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

To cure the gout, one quack, forſooth,
Adviſes us to draw a tooth.
By ſimilar ratiocination,
Methinks, a counter-operation
So rare a ſyſtem would adorn—
To cure the tooth-ach—cut a corn!

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

When prentic'd fops, in taſty fit,
Their counters and their aprons quit,
And ſtealing from the ſhops, they ſhut,
Half-booted lobby-loungers ſtrut,
With treble cape, and ſtraight toupée,
And nine ſhort inches of wanghee,

Howe'er the change abſurd and ſtrange is,
'Tis natural;—for ſo Nature changes;
Forms all at once the Lion's cubs;
But makes her *Butterflies*—of *Grubs!*

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A Barber in a Borough-town, it ſeems,
Had voted for Sir John, againſt Sir James.—
Sir James, in angry mood, took Suds aſide—
"Don't you remember ſhaving me?" he cry'd;
"Five pieces for five minutes work I gave;
"And does not one good turn another crave?"
"Yea," quoth the barber, and his fingers ſmack'd,
"I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact:
"Sir John, on the ſame ſcore, paid the ſame
"price;
"But took two ſhavings—and of courſe *paid*
"*twice.*"

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

IN indenture or deed,
Tho' a thouſand you read,
Neither comma nor colon you 'll ken:
A ſtop intervening
Might determine the meaning;
And what would the Lawyers do then?
Chance for change of conſtruction gives chance for new flaws;
When the ſenſe is once fix'd, there's an end of the cauſe.

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

TWO GRECIAN Sophs, with names for verſe unfit,
Have contraſted Man's Life, in rival wit:
And if you 'll take tranſlation in good part,
I 'll give you *pro* and *con*—with all my heart.

" What ſtate on earth," ſays one, " could
" prudence chooſe?
" In trade, is toil to gain, and fear to loſe;
" At home are cares; and labours in the field;
" At ſea known perils; and by land conceal'd;
" In poverty, diſtreſs; a lonely life
" Without, and houſehold bondage with, a
" wife;
" Children are troubles; childleſs age unbleſt;
" Youth has unrulineſs; and age un-reſt:
" 'Twere therefore better ſure, in wiſdom's eye,
" Not to be born;—or but be born—and die!"
So this grave ſage thought proper to decide:
Now, hear th' eſtimate on the other ſide.
" Thro' life, what ſtation can the wife refuſe?
" In public are ambition's nobler views;
" Repoſe endears retirement; ruſtic toils
" Give zeſt to nature's bounties; nature's ſpoils
" Crown traffic's efforts; on a foreign ſhore
" Pity unbars each hoſpitable door;

" Poor you 're unenvied; in a wife you ſee
" A dearer friend; unmarried you live free;
" With children feel a father's glow; without,
" See unſolicitous time's laſt ſands run out;
" In youth you ſpring robuſt, and revel gay;
" In age enjoy the reverence juniors pay:
" 'Tis therefore happieſt ſure, on wiſdom's plan,
" To be;—and being, to exiſt—a Man!"
Wide as the difference of the ſtatements ſeems,
One little change would reconcile th' extremes;
In ſurly ſcorn's, and flattering fancy's ſpite,
For Life, read VIRTUOUS LIFE—and all is right.
A Life of Virtue would, in every ſtate,
Have turn'd the balance for whatever fate;
Would ſcope, amidſt the beſt and worſt below,
For active, or for patient merit ſhow;—
And on that ground no choice can ever miſs;
For all that leads to Merit—leads to Bliſs!

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

SUNDAY, which, by divine beheſt,
Was firſt pronounc'd a day of reſt,
By faſhion's mandate now becomes
A day of hurricanes, routs, and drums.

Can profligacy farther go?
It can—if not in guilt—in woe:—
Woe, from that very guilt accruing;
Diſgrace—remorſe—deſpair—and ruin.

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

DIAGORAS, an Athenian wight,
A wooden HERCULES made;
To which at morn, and eke at night,
He conſtant oriſons paid.

Twelve Labours by his Deity wrought,
In ſolemn hymns he prais'd;
And from ſuch warm devotion thought,
A powerful patron rais'd.

Year after year, this courſe he drove;
Still pray'd; ſtill poorer grew;
At laſt the timber ſon of JOVE
Amidſt the flames he threw.

"My daily theme," quoth he, "erewhile,
"Thy labours *twelve* have have been;
"Now help the fire my pot to boil;—
"And *that* will make *thirteen*!"

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

VIRTUE 's a fund of unexhauſted ſtore:
For there, the very *wiſh* of more – *is* more!

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

Our glorious Queen Bess, 'tis in ſtory recorded,
At ſome ſeaſon more ſolemn of feſtival ſport,
With the law's higheſt honours Lord Hatton rewarded,
For dancing ſo gracefully nimble at Court.

For integrity, candour, ſenſe, learning, and ſpirit,
Of each ſage, on each bench, we may juſtly talk big;
But the Queen had, we find, one more ſtandard of merit;—
'Twas ſuperior addreſs—*in performing a jig!*

ANOTHR.

PLUS ULTRA.

At Nottingham, ſays tradition's tale,
They drink off, by the yard, their ale:—

So far, no peril would enſue,
Did none to length add number too,
Extend tradition's tale ſtill more,
And drink the *yards* off—*by the ſcore!*

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

To make a plum-pudding, a French Count once took
An authentic receipt, from an Engliſh Lord's cook:
Mix ſuet, milk, eggs, ſugar, meal, fruit, and ſpice,
Of ſuch number, ſuch meaſure, ſuch weight, and ſuch price;
Drop a ſpoonful of brandy, to quicken the meſs;
And boil it for ſo many hours—more or leſs.—
Theſe directions were tried, but when tried had no good in;
'Twas all waſh and all ſquaſh, but 'twas not Engliſh pudding:

And Monſieur in a pet ſent a ſecond requeſt,
For the cook that preſcrib'd, to aſſiſt when 'twas dreſt;
Who of courſe to comply with his Honour's beſeeching,
Like an old cook of Colebrook, march'd into the kitchen.
The French cooks, when they ſaw him, talk'd loud and talk'd long;
They were ſure all was right; he could find nothing wrong:
Till juſt as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
" Hold your hands! Hold your hands!" ſcream'd aſtoniſh'd JOHN TROT:
" Don't you ſee you want one thing, like fools as " you are?"
—" *Vone ting, Sare! Vat ting, Sare!*"—" A PUD- " DING CLOTH,—*Sare!*"

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

We 're often told of Scotchmen's ſecond ſight;
But know not whence the popular notion came;
If fact, or fable, ſupernatural light,
Or ſuperſtition, gave it firſt a name.

But this, methinks, may ſafely be confeſt,
That putting loſs and gain upon a par,
They ſee moſt happily, who ſee plain things beſt:
Who ſees beyond what's viſible—ſees too far!

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

A Woman, ſatiriſts have averr'd,
Will have in all things the laſt word:
But poets, in ſatiric rhymes,
Are apt to run a-head ſometimes:—

Were half the bards, that ever wrote,
Chapter and verſe oblig'd to quote,
Not one perhaps of all the ſet,
E'er *heard* a woman's *laſt word* yet!

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

" DEATH! - - - - - - - - - - - -
" What art thou, O thou great Myſterious Terror?
" The way to thee we know; diſeaſes, famine,
" Fire, ſword, and all thy ever-open gates,
" Which day and night ſtand ready to receive us.—
" But what's beyond them?—who ſhall draw that veil?
" Yet Death's not there!"

HUGHES's *Siege of Damaſcus*, Act 3.

BEYOND? and who ſhall draw that veil?—The Man
Whom Chriſtian Spirit hath ennobled, can;
He from th' abyſs beyond, the veil ſhall tear;
For 'tis HIS TRIUMPH, that DEATH is not THERE!—
That there, is all ſublime Devotion's ſcope;
All Reſt from Sorrow; all expanſe of Hope;

There Perfect Souls, the path he treads, who trod;
There IMMORTALITY! there HEAVEN! there GOD!

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

IN *formâ pauperis*, if a plaintiff plead,
Counſel, 'tis ſaid, muſt give their aid, unfee'd.
"How then ſhould counſel live?" perhaps you 'll aſk:—
O! never fear it—that's an eaſy taſk:—
Tho' paupers ready-made, Law *gratis* takes,
'Tis amply reimburs'd, by paupers which it makes!

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

"WHOE'ER cheats *me*, in purchaſe, or in price,"
Exclaims old EUCLIO, "ne'er ſhall cheat me "*twice*."—

The man, it ſeems, has made his life—his book;
And his own rule, from his own practice took:
For Euclio, to convince us he's no dunce,
Makes it a point, to cheat *enough—at once!*

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

Old women, in old times were ſeen,
As grave records avow;
What then, perhaps, had witches been,
Are abſolute charmers now.

Againſt the rude aſſault of age,
Our *modern* antient fair,
On terms infallible engage,
And twofold armour wear.

Ye ſpiteful years, your furrows trace!
Ye native tints, grow faint!
A coat of paint will hide the face,—
A veil will hide the paint!

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VILLAGE thief in penitent ſtrain,
Thus to his prieſt confeſt;—
" Father, I 've ſtol'n ſome ſacks of grain!
" O! give my conſcience reſt!"

" What grain, my ſon?" the prieſt replied,
" And what was the amount?"
" Father, my haſte," the culprit cried,
" Would never let me count:—

" But, if your reverence thinks it right
" T' abſolve on truſt, this crime,
" I 'll try to ſteal the reſt to-night,—
" And tell you all next time."

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

AMONGST the many ſtrange conceits,
Which advertiſers brag on,
They puff, on every poſt one meets,
Some broad-wheel'd Flying Waggon?

Wits long on Fancy's wings have flown;
MERCURY had feather'd heels;—
But 'tis our age's boaſt alone,
To *fly*—upon BROAD WHEELS!

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VETERAN gambler in a tempeſt caught,
Once in his life, a church's ſhelter ſought;
Where many an hint, pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.

The ſermon ended, and the ſtorm all ſpent,
Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reaſoning as he went;
" Strict truth," quoth he, " this reverend ſage
" declar'd;
" I feel conviction,—and will be prepar'd;—
" Nor e'er henceforth—ſince life thus ſteals away,
" Give credit for a bet—beyond a day!"

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A SPECIMEN brief of foreign wit to ſhow,
As far as my tranſlating ſkill will go,
Tho' I can't ſing—I'll ſay—a FRENCH RONDEAU.

' With two black eyes—that might a ſaint inflame,
' The jilt NANNETTE caught STREPHON by
' ſurpriſe;
' But when the youth, enamour'd of the dame,
' Requeſted love for love, and ſighs for ſighs,
' She frown'd, ſquall'd, cuff'd,—and ſent him
' whence he came,—
' With two black eyes!'

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A QUACK in GREECE, in hopes to mend the breed,
Reſolv'd his *Son*, *at leaſt*—ſhould learn to read:
So hir'd the beſt grammarian of the age,
To teach the youngſter HOMER's lofty page.
The terms all ſettled, all the needful done,
The book was bought, and thus the boy begun;—
'The wrath of PELEUS' Son, the direful ſpring
'Of all the GRECIAN woes, O Goddeſs ſing!
'That wrath which hurl'd to PLUTO's gloomy 'reign
'The ſouls of mighty Chiefs untimely ſlain *!'
"Untimely ſlain!"—the pupil ſtopt and cry'd—
"Is then this pains and pay, for that apply'd?

* POPE's Tranſlation.

" Homer, farewell! What need thro' verſe to
" roam?
" We 've plenty of *untimely ſlain*, at home!
" Away with this vexatious " A, B, C!"—
" My father's *practice*—is enough for me!"

ANOTHER.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

Poor Dick, when chatty, and when dumb,
Still holds his wife in equal dread;
He breaks *her heart*, if he looks glum;—
And if he ſpeaks—ſhe breaks *his head!*

ANOTHER.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

In Milton's, and in Dryden's time,
'Twas doubtful, if blank verſe, or rhyme,

Serv'd Poetry's purpoſe beſt:
And much good learning and good ſenſe,
In aid of either ſide's pretence,
Was *pro* and *con* addreſt.

The queſtion, after all this pains,
Tho' chang'd in form, in force remains,
As puzzling as at firſt:
'Tis juſt as hard a thing to ſay,
If rhyme, or blank verſe, in *our* day,
Serve Poetry's purpoſe *worſt!*

ANOTHER.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

In patient mood, while King Alphonsus heard
A formal orator tedious plans propoſe,
A fly parading round the Monarch's beard,
Perch'd unmoleſted on the royal noſe.—

Say, ye who balance things in reaſon's ſcale,
Does Magnanimity ſoar a pitch more high,
When Majeſty liſtens to a trifler's tale?—
Or when Humanity ſcorns to hurt a fly?

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

When Athens, in the age of Grecian fame,
Scorn'd Neptune's, to prefer Minerva's claim,
Th' affronted Deity in revenge decreed,
Their City none but Fools thenceforth ſhould breed.
Th' award ſevere paſt Deſtiny's great ſeal,
Whoſe final fiat nothing can repeal.
Such doom, dire vengeance on the Athenians brought:—
Now hear what Pallas in their favour wrought!
"The words," ſhe ſaid, "which Neptune's wrath
"has ſpoke,
"I neither can reverſe,—nor he revoke;—

" But tho' forever Fools they muſt remain,
" I'll make your ſons, a Philoſophic Train."
So ſaid, ſo done—and from that moment pair'd,
Philoſophy, and *Folly*, ATHENS ſhar'd!—
Had this event in theſe our days occurr'd,
Perhaps you would not think it quite abſurd,
If ſome ſuch ſimple news-monger as I,
Should aſk, how far from GREECE might PARIS lie?

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

EAGER ſome doleful tale to quote,
JOHN CROAKER ſighs and ſhrugs;
Seizes a button of my coat;
And as he talks, he tugs:—

Two jobs meanwhile are going on,
By JOHN's long winded plea;
For ſure as e'er I hear friend JOHN,
My Taylor—hears from me!

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

"ALL things," ſaid JOHN one day to JOYCE,
"Preſent two handles to our choice;
"And wiſdom's province, 'tis confeſt,
"Is ever to prefer the beſt:
"So moral theoriſts decide."—
"Perhaps they may," tart JOYCE reply'd;
"With theory I have nought to do;
"But practice,—I appeal to you,—
"Practice, dear JOHN, will prove you judge ill;
—"How many handles has my cudgel?"—

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHILE BRITAIN'S arms, by ſea and land,
Our tars and ſoldiers bear,
Their country boaſts a generous band,
Which makes their cauſe, its care.

To ſoothe the widow'd mother's grief,
And dry the orphan's tears,
A liberal fund of prompt relief,
Subſcribing affluence rears.

This ENGLAND owes to manly zeal,
Nor owes to that alone;
Ladies for their defenders feel,
And Patriot ſpirit own.

Hiſtory! when thy recording page
Our Heroes brings to view,
Keep for the Heroines of the age
A ſpace to merit due!—

To merit, whoſe alternate fame
Includes the Brave and Fair;—
And proves our Men no praiſe can claim,
But what our Women ſhare!

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

OUR ſmarts (ſo much refined the modern ſpeech is)
Say "INEXPRESSIBLES," inſtead of BREECHES.
In Engliſh this may do;—if French you quote,
The word but half deſcribes—a *ſans Culotte!*
Would you in adequate terms ſtate his condition,
Add t'other half to clinch your definition:
BREECHES to him are abſolute *Incompatibles*,
Both INEXPRESSIBLES, and UN-COME-AT-ABLES!

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A FARMER, as records report,
Moſt hugely diſcontented,
His vicar at the biſhop's court,
For groſs neglect preſented.

" Our former prieſt, my lord," he ſaid,
" Each Sunday the year round,
" Some GREEK, in his diſcourſes read,
" And charming was the ſound!

" Not ſuch our preſent parſon's phraſe;
" No GREEK does he apply;
" But ſays in Engliſh all he ſays,
" As you might ſpeak, or I.

" And yet for this ſo ſimple ſtyle,
" He claims each tithe and due;
" Pig, pippins, poultry, all the while,
" And Eaſter-offerings too!"

" You're ſkill'd in languages, I gueſs,"
Th' amaz'd dioceſan cry'd;
" I know no language more or leſs,"
The ſurly clown reply'd:—

" But GREEK, I've heard the learned ſay,
" Surpaſſes all the reſt;
" And ſince 'tis for the beſt we *pay*,
" We ought to *have* the beſt!"

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

BENEATH the ſun's meridian ray,
Along the rivulet's brim,
The playful inſects of a day,
In buſy myriads ſkim:

Being, begun with morning's light,
With evening's ſhade will cloſe;
So brief, ſo limited, is their flight;
Yet all pure joy it ſhows.

What better to their little kind,
Could partial Nature give,
Than paſtime on their ſpot to find;
And while life laſts—to live?

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

Our faſhionable belles and beaus,
With all their ſight entire,
Stick up a glaſs before their noſe;
And each becomes a *Spyer*.

Hail times! Hail ton! Hail taſte refin'd!
Which makes ev'n failings pleaſe!
And finds a joy in being *blind*—
To every thing one ſees!

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

To ſave your bones, and yet indulge your wit,
Obſerve two univerſal rules!
Laugh at the popular *Follies*, till you ſplit;
But never quarrel with the *Fools!*

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

Our grumbling politicians cry,
Old England's baſis ſtands awry;—

Mend this, they ſay; mend that; mend t'other!
Spare, ſpare, good people, your concern;
Let THIS OLD ENGLAND ſerve your turn;—
Till you can ſhow us SUCH ANOTHER!

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

SEE! where unhous'd, at eaſe reclin'd,
The ſtrolling beggar lies!
Sleep, the great leveller of mankind,
Treads lightly o'er his eyes!

While haughty hearts, and crafty heads,
In watchful agony live,
While pride ſighs on embroider'd beds,
For what no pride can give,—

Perhaps wealth, pleaſures, conqueſts, crowns,
Engage *his* preſent hour;—
An hour, which real feelings drowns
T' invigorate fancy's power!

Thus, all diſtinctions life can make,
An equal balance keep;
Some are the dreams—of men awake!
And ſome—of men aſleep!

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

Britain has known, in many a well-fought day,
Her Union Flag to victory lead the way.
Yet never did that Union Flag avow
A more expreſſive Type of Her, than now!
Now—when her univerſal ardour proves
Her Queen, the woman ſhe reveres—her King,
the man ſhe loves.

Oh! long! long! ſacred, may that Banner ſtand!
Glory, at once, and Emblem of her Land!
Still may ſhe boaſt—and ſtill the Nations ſee—
Freedom ſo loyal! Loyalty ſo free!—

For worth ſo thron'd, ſuch popular Union ſhown!—
And popular Union's zeal, perpetuate ſuch a Throne!

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφανῖαι.

THRO' the ſtreets, on May-day, you have ſeen, without doubt,
In ſooty proceſſion, a chimney-ſweep rout,
With a garland of buſhes parade;
Dreſt in barriſter's three-tail'd perukes from Rag-fair,
With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper ware,
And chalk-paint on their chubby cheeks laid.
Thus gaily bedight, they jump jigs at your door;
And a concert of ſhovel and bruſh goes before!

If ever you laugh, you to laugh muſt be ſtirr'd,
At exertions ſo awkward, and pride ſo abſurd,

With ſo trifling advantage in view:
But ſhould you adviſe, with however grave face,
Any one to abandon his muſic and lace,
He would laugh as profuſely, at you!—
In comparative importance, thro' life's whole career,
We are all to ourſelves,—that we think we appear!

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφανται.

WHY ſleeps, benumb'd, th' accompliſh'd mind,
When ſocial good craves virtue's zeal?
Whoe'er can benefit mankind,
Is Heaven's truſtee, for human weal.

To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine:—
All is not gold, that ſhines, 'tis true;
But all that *is* gold—*ought to ſhine!*

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφανται.

ONCE every year, an infant band,
Whom public charity's foſtering hand
Hath led to truths divine,
Beneath one roof arrang'd to raiſe
Devotion's voice to Deity's praiſe,
In choral uniſon join.

Say where beſide has harmony found
In ſuch a group, ſo ſweet a ſound?
Say, where beſide does earth unite
With ſound ſo ſweet—ſo rich a ſight?

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφανται.

MARK, how th' expiring taper's rays,
Their radiance to protract,
Shoot into momentary blaze,—
And periſh, in the act!

So, when in mortal agony's thrall,
Departing Virtue lies,
Brief burſts of ſplendour grace its fall!
It *ſparkles*—as it *dies!*

ANOTHER.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

An elbow, we're in proverbs told,
More ſharp than uſual marks a ſcold,
Of everlaſting lungs:
Perhaps you'll be perplex'd to gueſs
What correſpondence, more or leſs,
Elbows can have with tongues!

To ſolve the doubt, from popular lore
Permit me, with one proverb more,
Your memories to refreſh:
'Tis Fate's decree, you muſt have known,
That whatſoever's bred in the *bone*—
Should never out of the *fleſh*!

ANOTHER.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

WOULD you th' extremes of human contraſt fix?
Obſerve DUTCH traffic—and DUTCH politics.
Nothing's too much to ſuffer, or to do,
Provided ſtill, it makes one ſtiver two:
By land, by ſea, for friends, for foes they trade;—
Then—cut each other's throat for a cockade:
Truſt in FRENCH faith for independent ſway;
Buy all;—ſell all;—and *give* THEMSELVES *away!*

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

THE CHINESE have a word, which, howe'er it ſeems ſtrange,
Stands for fourteen ideas, without the leaſt change:
It conſiſts of one ſyllable too, you muſt know;
And in that but two letters; to wit, P—O.—*PO!*

Imagine, for inſtance, you wiſh'd to expreſs,
" A wiſe [1]man"—" A man of a [2]pleaſing addreſs"—
" A [3]glaſs"—". An immenſe [4]preparation"—" The
" blows
" Of a wood-[5]cutter's hatchet"—" An [6]old woman's
" noſe"—
" A ſtrong [7]inclination"—" A thing [8]of ſmall ſize"—
" The courſe [9]of a current, where water-ſprings
" riſe"—
" A [10]ſervant"—" A captive [11]in battle"—" A
" [12]ſop"
" Or to [13]boil your ripe rice"—" or to [14]winnow your
" crop"—
For all, and for each, if to CHINA you go,
You can't ſpeak amiſs, if you only ſay—*Po!*
Where elſe could we find, ſhou'd we ſearch the world
round,
Things ſo different in ſenſe, and ſo ſimilar in ſound?
We may thumb all our grammars to rags, ere we view
So much in one word—and in *ſuch a word too!*

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

WITH much pretence, but little love the while,
Faſhion oft feign'd to join Economy's party:
Tho' all could ſee, that, in the Horatian ſtyle,
'Twas "*Gratia amicitiæ male ſartæ.*"

But better hopes laſt winter's omens grac'd:
When Faſhion, leſt expence ſhould cut too deep,
Snipt each great coat aſunder at the waiſt;
And gave Economy the ſkirts to keep:

And now on ſolid ground their union ſtands:
Should Faſhion's pride next Chriſtmas call for new coats,
Economy from the remnants in her hands,
Has ſtuff of courſe, to make the ſame coat—two coats!

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

PROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,
A foot-ſore SPANIARD late one night,
Knock'd at a tavern-door ſo hard,
It rous'd the family in a fright:—

Up ſprung the hoſt from his bed-ſide;
Open the chamber-window flew:
"Who's there?—What boiſterous hand," he cry'd,
"Makes at my gate this loud ado?"

"Here is," the ſtately SPANIARD ſaid,
"DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, ALONZO,
"PEDRILLO, GUSMAN, ALVARADE,
"IAGO, MIGUEL, ALPHONSO,

" ANTONIO, DIEGO"—" Hold! hold! hold!"
Exclaim'd the Landlord, " pray! forbear!
" For half the numbers you have told,
" I have not—half a bed to ſpare."

" Sir!" quoth the Don, " 'tis your miſtake,
" If names for men, of courſe, you count:
" Tho' long th' illuſtrious liſt, I make,
" In me ſtill centres all th' amount:

" Worn down with tramping many a mile,
" DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, PEDRILLO,
" With all the *etcæteras* of his ſtyle,
" Will ſleep—upon a *ſingle pillow!*"

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

A SINGLE acorn's cup, experiment ſhows,
The future oak's whole embrio can encloſe.—

Immenſe idea!—that a form ſo ſmall,
On earth's prolific lap, if right it fall,
Shall burſt—ſhall vegetate—ſhall protrude a root;
Riſe a ſtrong trunk, from particles ſo minute;
O'er-top the foreſt; brave the tempeſt's rage;
Flouriſh;—expand, while age ſucceeds to age;
And haply, when to perfect timber grown,
Waft to new worlds the produce of our own!
While on this thought imagination dwells,
Reverſe the ſcene; and hear what nature tells;
—That this enormous bulk, is but th' extent
Of parts, at firſt within an acorn pent;—
An acorn! which, ſhould truth the fact reveal,
Was once—the *refuſe* of a *poor pig's meal!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

"TRUE-BLUE," 'tis ſaid, "*will never ſtain*;"
An everlaſting die in grain,

Which none enough can prize:
Agreed!—But while experience finds
So many men, ſo many minds,
One conſtant doubt muſt riſe:

Since each adapts to his own view,
His own idea of True-blue,
The queſtion ſhifts it's ground:
The doubt is not, as I opine,
How bright, how long, True-blue may ſhine,—
But—*where it may be found!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

PAINTERS, by cuſtom immemorial take
For Envy's hieroglyphic form, the ſnake;
While for Eternity's type, each pencil draws
A ſerpent in a ring; whoſe tail is in his jaws.

The two ideas juſt, apart, we find,
But how much juſter would they be, when join'd?
Let Envy's ſnake, for inſtance, fiercely fell,
With everlaſting rancour's poiſon ſwell;
Provided, in eternity's ſerpent-ſtyle,
It feeds on nothing but *itſelf*, the while!

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

Go to the bee!—and thence bring home,
(Worth all the treaſures of her comb,)
An antidote againſt raſh ſtrife:
She, when her angry flight ſhe wings,
But *once*, and at her peril *ſtings*;—
But *gathers honey—all her life!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN a pamphlet comes out, in the plain pamphlet ſtyle,
Your two ſhillings you pay, if you think it worth while:
But if once, by mere faſhion, or merit, or chance,
Into notice the book, or its author, advance,
To work on all ſides, goes the preſs and the pen;
With anſwers, and anſwers to anſwers again;
With ſtrictures, and queries, and notes, and reflections,
Appendixes, ſequels, free thoughts, hints, objections;
And of courſe, if to judge of the whole you intend,
You muſt buy without bounds;—and muſt read without end.

So in BANTAM, our travellers tell us, a ſheep
In body and bone, due proportion will keep:

While a wheel-barrow's compaſs will hardly avail,
To ſupport the length, breadth, depth, and weight of it's *tail!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHERE gently wandering rills ſurround
A deſolated pile,
And glide ev'n now, the confluent bound
Of GLASTONBURY'S iſle,—

To memory loſt, by chance deſcry'd,
The reverend reliques lay
Of ARTHUR, Glory's favorite pride,
In BRITAIN'S earlier day.

No fabulous elves, in fairy knot,
To announce his grave were ſeen;
Nature's own hand had mark'd the ſpot,
In winter's gloom ſtill green.

And where a croſs from head to feet,
O'erſpread the Hero's earth,
A Chriſtmas Thorn ſprings up, to greet
Our infant Saviour's birth!

O! may the ſweet memorial *live*,—
Spontaneous proof to raiſe,
That Truth can annual evidence give
To patriot royalty's praiſe!—

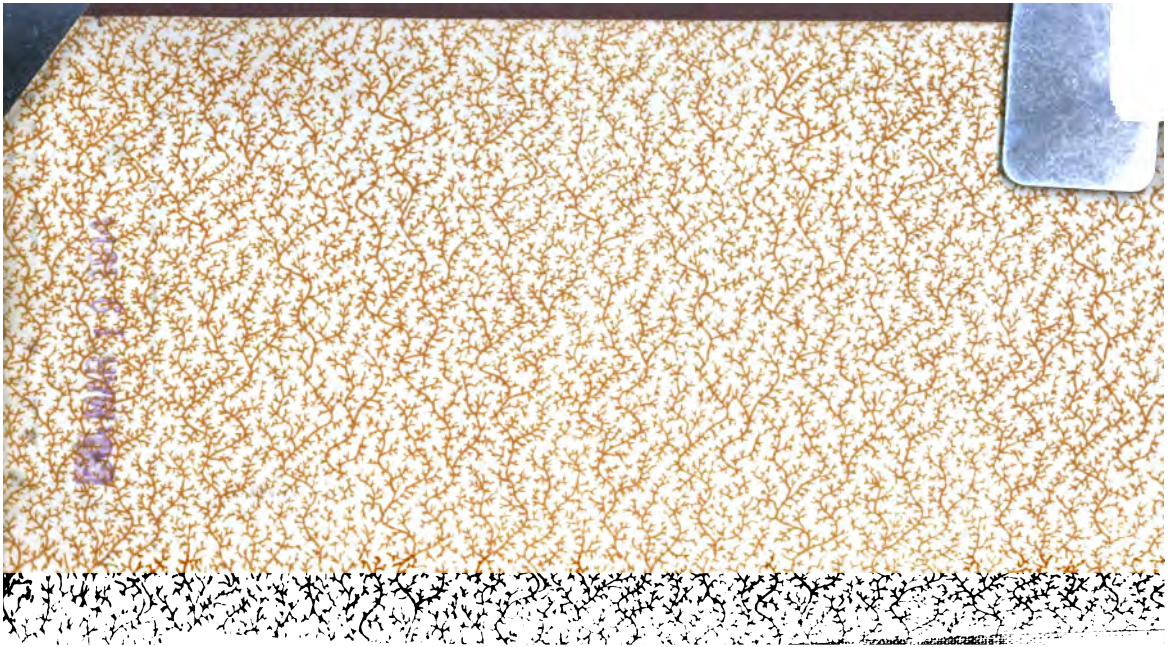
And—while Religon, Freedom, Laws,
Are BRITAIN'S happy doom,—
Flouriſh—to ſanction their applauſe,
Around her ARTHUR'S Tomb!

ANOTHER.

[One of the Author's lateſt compoſitions, which he conſidered as deſcriptive of his *own ſituation* in the School.]

ESTO PERPETUA.

GENIUS, too oft, beneath adverſity's frown,
Drudges, laborious; vigorous; yet kept down:
Never advanc'd, tho' never at a ſtay;
Keeps on; perhaps ſhines on; but makes no way!
—So fares the mettled ſteed, in harneſs bound,
To drag ſome ponderous engine round and round!
His toil is generous effort;—but 'tis ſtill,
Strength,—Perſeverance,—Progreſs!—*in a Mill!*

THE END.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street.